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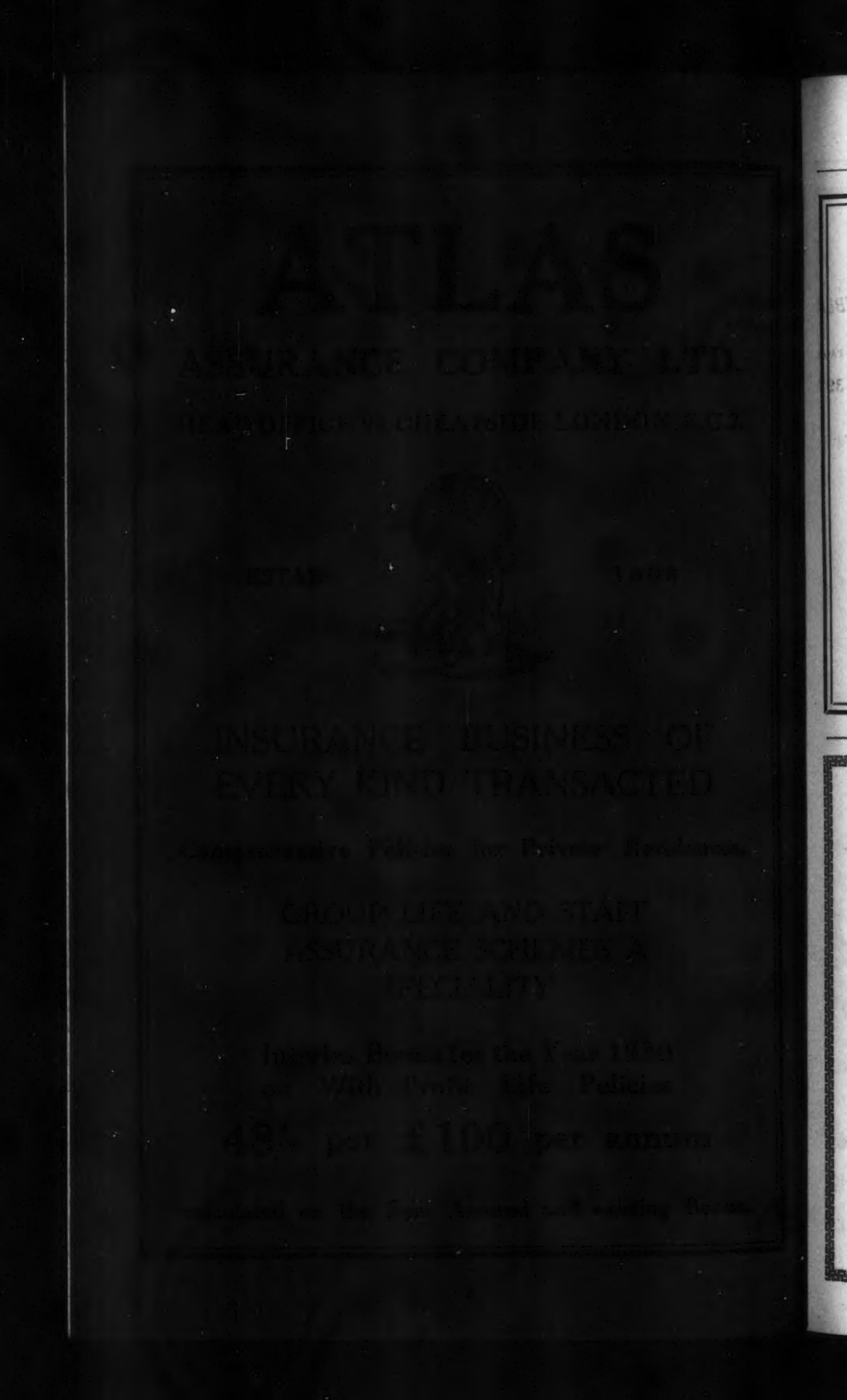
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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
April, 1930

Correspondence

India at the Cross Roads

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Sir Michael O'Dwyer complains that there is manifest no attempt even to fight the anti-British propaganda now prevalent in India. He is right. We British in India get no hearing. The editors of our English newspapers fear the effect on their circulation, if they attempted to fight this anti-British propaganda.

India is at the cross roads. A great constitutional question is before the public. But no one attempts to define the dominant words of this controversy.

We are the victims of many crazes. One craze is that a parliamentary system of government is an inevitable evolution in India, as it has proved to be in England. But those who indulge in such speculations forget that England is a homogeneous nation. The definition of " nation " is completely ignored.

Another craze is that a Federal government can be established in India similar to the Federal Government of the United States. This, it appears, is the solution, soon to be offered to the public by Mr. Garvin of the *Observer*. I contend that there is no possible resemblance between India and the United States. On the success of their rebellion the Colonies achieved the status of States, in other words, of nations. Each had a definite territory and a population practically homogeneous. Each had a State militia. They could and did make a treaty as equals between equals. Lastly, their populations furnished recruits for the Federal army and navy. There is nothing similar to this, I repeat, in India. Take our Provinces. They are mosaics of rival races and religions. They cannot provide provincial militias. Their populations cannot provide recruits for a Federal army and navy. Were the British forces removed, there would be civil war between the Mahomedans and Hindus and an invasion by the Afghan King. This is all patent to us in India as the sun in the noonday

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heavens. But not one of our idealists in England is conscious of this fact. The problem of the government of India is unique and for its solution we must avoid any references to the constitutional developments of the American and English nations. The stress is always on the word " nation."

India then is a conquered sub-continent. A strong Central Government alone can cope with the situation. This government can be established either by the British or another foreign power, supposing the British disappear. These are the only alternatives. And what about our Indian politicians? I am glad the question is put to me. My answer is not difficult. I would reply, Point out one single sentence of common sense uttered by our so-called politicians. There is not a vestige of common sense. There is not a trace of evidence that they understand the words they use with such confidence. It is only hatred of the conquering nation and this by men who belong to races who have never established governments or armies and navies. Then how are they prominent? The reply is not difficult. Our idealists at Home give these men an exalted position simply because they abuse the English in fluent English. Nothing more.

Yours truly,

F. LINCOLN.

Carlton Hotel, Lucknow, India.

A League of Politicians

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I greatly enjoyed the February number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW and especially your "Current Comments," and the analogy between the League of Nations and the Holy Alliance of 100 years previously.

You might have carried the analogy even further than you did, for the purpose of the autocratic sovereigns who formed the Holy Alliance was to defend themselves from any popular movement tending to reduce their absolute powers.

To-day, the politician is in the same position. He feels uneasy, and so has formed a League of Professional Politicians (L.P.P. for short) for mutual support. I always speak of the L.P.P. amongst my friends.

A further point. Members of the L.P.P. maintain that between nations right and not might must prevail. Yet these same men hold that at the polling booth, might is everything, and that superior force justifies any body of men in plundering the minority and applying the proceeds to their own apparent advantage.

I see no profit in any machinery for avoiding disputes so long as politicians are not believers in honesty and justice for their own sakes.

Yours faithfully,
H. L. LEWIN.

Kelso House, Bath.

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

APRIL, 1930

Current Comments

THE death of Lord Balfour probably closes an epoch. In all human probability he is the last Prime Minister of his type who will hold that office under our present political system. A. J. Balfour was not, of course, a *grand seigneur* in the sense that Lord Oxford could rightly apply the term to the late Lord Lansdowne. Nor was it significant that he belonged by birth to the old governing class: for many years to come there will be representatives of that class in all administrations. He belonged, indeed, to a leisured society, wholly independent and detached from the daily life of the people whom he represented and served. It is to-day assumed as axiomatic that this for a statesman is a disadvantage. Democrats of this age may, however, care to remember that Plato, the great political philosopher of the greatest of democracies, held precisely the contrary view. He held that when social conditions did not create a governing class remote from the anxieties of ordinary daily life, such a class had to be created if wise government was desired. We have decided otherwise. We are occupied in distributing the savings and the capital of our one-time leaders to the electorate and trusting to commerce and the Press to finance our politicians out of office. Even so, we pay them so little and tax them so highly that politics is perhaps the most precarious of all professions even for the successful.

Lord Balfour

Is this a good thing? It is certainly good that politics should not be a lucrative profession, but it is certainly bad that a politician, unless he has great commercial abilities (which go usually with qualities by no means the most important in government) should be able to remain in public life only as the nominee of a party or the spokesman of an interest. Lord Balfour's long career is a

The Merits of Detachment

striking example of the wholly different measure of influence which is exercised by a man of unshakeable detachment. History will not rank him high as a constructive statesman, but that is perhaps because his greatest services will remain unrecorded. One fact remains, that it was left to the veteran survivor of the Congress of Berlin to dominate the infant assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva. But for that dominance, the position of England to-day would have been infinitely worse than it is. And it was his unquestioned intellectual integrity, his supreme disinterestedness, which had almost the appearance of indifference, that gave him his influence. There is no statesman to-day who can wield that *kind* of influence except his kinsman Lord Cecil, and no statesman at all who can wield influence in the same degree.

Two Generations of Politics

To summarize Lord Balfour's career or to measure his achievement would be to review the political history of two generations. Time heals, and the bitterness which was aroused by his administration of Ireland, and by his treatment of George Wyndham much later, has died down. Again, there were those who attributed to his indecision over the Tariff Reform issue the political exile of his party which began in 1906, and is by no means ended to-day. Yet again, his career as a subordinate minister under Lord Oxford, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Baldwin in quick succession provides material for reflection on the quality of his personal loyalties (though he never made a personal enemy) and on the consistency of his fundamental beliefs. These things cannot be glossed over because they were the man, and, paradoxical though it may seem, are the key to his unrivalled qualities as a negotiator, a debater, a *conferencier*, a diplomat, and finally, a statesman. From mere cynicism to suppleness, from suppleness to adaptability, from adaptability to originality, from originality to genuine creative power is, in each case, a small step, and yet how wide the gulf between cynicism and genius. Arthur Balfour had both. The author of "The Defence of Philosophic Doubt" touched fundamentals, the significant implications of which are not even yet understood;

we refer particularly to his criticisms of the validity of the evidence of science. The leader of the Conservative Party from 1903 to 1909 seldom, if ever, touched fundamentals. The statesman of genius was not at all revealed until the war, and was most clearly shown afterwards when, at Geneva, he brought into the chaos of post-war politics the finesse, the detachment, and the disinterested integrity of an older generation combined with an intellectual vitality unmatched even by the youngest representative of the youngest nation.

Missing Links of Empire

THE collapse of the United Empire Party is an unmitigated good. As we said last month, the formation of a separate party advocating, as a panacea, a policy which can do no more than assist, indirectly, the reconstruction of our industries, would have been wholly mischievous in its results. Nor did Lord Rothermere's attempts to broaden the mushroom party's platform inspire confidence. The incident is now closed, so far as Lord Beaverbrook is concerned, but by no means as far as the Conservative party is concerned. If Protection, alone and unaided, is to be the Party's policy, the Party will lose the election. Already the pack is in full cry. Sir Hugo Hirst has written pleading for a tariff to protect manufacturers of electrical plant and machinery, a new and prosperous industry largely post-war in its equipment, organization and largely rationalized, as that much-abused term is understood. From now on similar pleas will be made on behalf of every industry, quite irrespective of special needs and circumstance.

The Essentials of Prosperity

IN this connection we draw our readers' attention to an important article by Mr. Cyril Atkinson, M.P., in this issue. Mr. Atkinson points clearly to the conditions which must govern the imposition of safeguarding duties if those duties are to assist the return to prosperity.

It is as futile to suppose that by raising prices to the consumer you can increase the wealth of a country as to try to do so by distributing paper money to the consumer. In both cases the fallacy is the same. A country can only become richer by producing more exchangeable goods; wealth consists of

goods available for exchange, and of nothing else. An alteration in the money value of a class of commodity, or an increase in the purchasing power of a class of the community can only enrich one section at the expense of every other, and must ultimately prove fatal to the whole community by demoralizing even that section which it at first appeared to benefit.

Food Taxes

We are faced with a rather displeasing prospect in the matter of food taxes. Here we are in grave danger of seeing again every tortuous wriggle of the 1906–10 epoch. With Mr. Baldwin's decision not to make food taxes an issue at the election we do not disagree. But it were better far to make them an issue everywhere than to have an election in which the Conservative Party try to hold their industrial and urban seats by preaching free food, and try to win the counties by preaching the desirability of agricultural protection. We do not suggest for a moment that any such policy will be consciously pursued. We do say emphatically that interested parties will see to it, unless Mr. Baldwin takes a far stronger and more decided line than at present, that Conservative candidates in the counties are manœuvred into a position in which they are virtually pledged to support a tariff on food. The only way of assisting British agriculture is to tax the consumer sufficiently to make up to the farmer the difference between his own economic selling price and the world price. The most expensive way of doing this is general Protection. Empire Free Trade would be less expensive. A guaranteed price for British wheat, which was Mr. Baldwin's policy a moment ago, is, however, the cheapest and best way, and this and this only should be the Conservative policy at the next election.

Empire Free Trade

For these reasons, the case for Empire Free Trade can never be based on the plight of British agriculture. Moreover, it must wait, in any case, for an Imperial Conference. It is, however, a gain that we should go into such a conference with no restriction on the subjects to be discussed. If we can get an offer of a substantial increase in the Free Trade area within

which our manufactures can circulate, the electorate may, and indeed well might, agree to a tariff on non-Imperial foodstuffs. We may be a long way from such an offer, but anything that can be done to break down tariff barriers anywhere, and most of all in those countries with a rising population, is worth doing.

Safeguarding

It may be argued that such a view is inconsistent with our strong advocacy of safeguarding, but such an argument shows an extremely superficial understanding of the present economic situation. The principal check to-day on the free distribution and interchange of goods, and, thus, on the increase of the world's wealth, is the artificial inflation of production costs by prior charges designed to provide different classes of consumers with an arbitrary standard of living. These prior charges may take the form of high overheads—necessitated by restrictions in hours and output—of high wages maintained by direct action or the threat of it, and of high rates and taxes providing direct financial benefits to the workers. While these things are so, and whether they are rightly so or not, it is nonsense to talk of free interchange of goods. The problem is to find the means of increasing our production immediately and so of increasing employment immediately, with the political object of achieving a brief period of economic stability and expansion during which we can put our house in order. The first step to this end is the political education of the democracy in the meaning of money and the relation of consumption to production. This can only be done by reducing the rate of Government expenditure or securing an increase in production, or both. No policy which does not aim directly and practically at one or other of these things will restore British industry either under a general tariff or under limited safeguarding, or under Empire Free Trade, or under our present fiscal system. That is the unpleasant truth, and unemployment will continue until it is recognized.

Imperial Defence

The Estimates for the Defence Services do not justify all the alarm which has been expressed in some quarters. It may well be dangerous to pledge ourselves to a quota of ships or men as a maximum in all circumstances, but the

circumstances of the moment are known, and any Government which is not to be trusted to judge of these circumstances wisely should be challenged openly. It is no more than correct to say that the decision when, and at what rate, to put in hand the normal replacement programme is a political and not a technical question. Indeed, the military advantage, when political conditions allow, of postponing replacements, is as obvious as the financial advantage. Given sound design and a proper strategic outlook, the newest fleet is the best fleet.

Tests of Naval Efficiency

WHAT is much more debatable is the wisdom of reducing our personnel. Naval ranks and ratings are highly trained specialists. In naval warfare, the improvization of *cadres* on a large scale is not possible. The other point to which attention should be directed is the question of freak ships, of super-cruisers, giant aircraft carriers, and super-battleships. These are costly and embody a strategic conception of naval war which is wholly unsound. It is not a *sine qua non* of an efficient battleship that it should be able to run away but rather that it should be so designed that it can bring to bear on the enemy the maximum of destructive fire at effective ranges. The object of a battle fleet must always be to seek out and destroy the enemy, not to evade action by superior speed. It follows that sound naval construction demands the maximum protection combined with the maximum of offensive power at effective ranges as the first essentials. Great speed and the power to fire ineffectively at ranges so great that the enemy fleet cannot be held to action are only secondary *desiderata*.

Air Nonsense

THE most objectionable feature of the Defence Estimates as a whole is not the decrease in the Navy and Army Estimates, but the increase in the Air Force Estimates. The particular scandal, one to which the *Morning Post* has already drawn attention, is the large provision for airships. The ships already built have made a few trips in fine weather to places opportunely situated in the eye of the wind, and the climax of the non-fulfilment of expectations

came with a much advertised 100 hours' flight, when the airship solemnly boxed the compass, flying consistently for short distances into the wind and back again. This was too much even for the airship fanatics, and it is now admitted that both ships require reconditioning. But why? It is already known that airships can only leave their sheds on calm days. The larger the ship (and one at least of these ships is to be made even more unwieldy than at present) the more complete the calm necessary. It is already known that airships have such a low maximum speed that against a strong and continuing wind they can make no long flight, and finally it is known that, given favourable conditions, or a convenient absence of any destination, they can remain in the air as long as their fuel lasts.

What are we Trying to Find Out?

WHAT more do we want to know, and what earthly use is our present knowledge? There is no purpose, civil or military, which the airship fulfills which is not already far better served by cheaper and more reliable means. We must, we suppose, go on pointing out that the defects of our present airships are not defects of designs but are inherent in airships as such. In common slang, they are "the nature of the beast." A thousand years of building larger or smaller airships will not modify any of their defects by one iota. Just as flying itself waited on the development of the internal combustion engine, which was not invented by Daedalus or any of his successors, so efficient airship navigation, will wait on the development of a still more concentrated method of developing power, the essential being a power plant substantially lighter than the present, and capable of developing a speed at least three times as great. Even then airship navigation will be subject to handicaps quite unknown to other forms of navigation, since the distance in air miles between, say, London–New York, varies from day to day by thousands of miles. Ask any transport authority in the world to run an efficient, regular and economic service under these conditions, and the answer would be a point blank refusal.

THE great Channel Tunnel Scheme is with us again, with a lukewarm recommendation from a curiously assorted committee. The chief ground of their approval is the fantastic one that new methods of transport have always in the past been accompanied by an expansion of trade. We have yet to hear of the trade boom which followed the invention of the balloon or the building of racing tracks. The point is so obvious that we hesitate to make it, but it seems to be necessary to point out in this credulous age that it is the fulfilment of a new service that promotes trade, not the fulfilment of the same service by a new method. The only point is whether the Channel Tunnel is going to facilitate the interchange of goods between England and France. Is it going to be cheaper for goods traffic, or quicker, or both? The answer, of course, is that the trade between England and France is not carried by the Golden Arrow, and never touches either Dover or Calais. We suggest to those who advocate a Channel Tunnel as a help to trade that they consult Lloyd's Loading List and find out how the trade between England and France is actually carried on. As for passenger traffic, the estimate of three and a quarter million passengers by 1938 is an unlikely one, to say the least of it, and it is by no means clear that these passengers could, or would wish to, go by the Tunnel route. Oddly enough, some English people like the sea. If any private company at its own risk likes to build the Tunnel, we have no great objection, but if the scheme involves a Government subsidy and a severe restriction on existing facilities for cross channel traffic, and we are fairly confident that it will involve both, then there is nothing to be said for it.

The Channel Tunnel

THE Government has endorsed the Post Office policy that it shall not use the Beam stations of the Imperial and International Communications Company for the purpose of Imperial wireless telephony. The defence of the Post Office by the Postmaster-General in the House of Commons and in the Press is one of the most unsatisfactory incidents in recent politics. Many

The Wireless Telephone Controversy

of the facts in the dispute are unknown, due to the policy of reticence which the Government has adopted. A special Cabinet Committee was appointed, but the evidence presented to it and its actual recommendations, have been treated as confidential. Certain facts, however, which have emerged should keenly interest the taxpayers of this country.

The Imperial and International Communications Company was created by the Government and was subjected to measures of Government control in order to co-ordinate the electrical communications of the Empire. It was promised that the Post Office would discuss with it the terms on which the Post Office would use the Beam stations for Imperial telephony. The Post Office, which already receives an enormous income from the Beam telegraph services, has, however, decided to install its own telephone plant, and, against the principles adopted by Parliament in the creation of the Company, to run telephone services in competition with the Beam telegraphs.

More Waste

THIS policy, adopted in defiance of the recommendations of the Imperial Cable and Wireless Conference of 1928, which were sanctioned by Parliament, is open to question on the ground of breach of faith. But it is also a policy which the British taxpayer, particularly in the present state of affairs, may take interest in for other reasons. The Postmaster-General gives various financial estimates which, like other parts of his statement, are none too clear. But as we understand them, we gather that he intends to expend £120,000 of public money for the supply of plant which the Company offers free. The cost of operating alone, apart from all unmentioned expenditure, will require £23,000 annually, every penny of which would be obviated if he used the stations leased to the Company. And when it is added that the Company, in offering its stations and services, proposes that the Post Office should receive the bulk of the fees to be paid by the public, the policy of the Post Office and its defence by the Postmaster-General become nothing short of amazing.

The Technical Issue

WHAT the actual technical facts are the Postmaster-General, for reasons best known to himself, has by no means endeavoured to make clear, and if he did, we should not venture to discuss them. But the plain man in the street may be forgiven, if, with keen recollections of the wrong-headedness of the Post Office in the past, he regards with some suspicion the blunt refusal of the Communications' offer to submit their system to a comparative test.

It is not perhaps strange to find a Socialist Government trying at all costs to break down the monopoly of the Imperial Communications Company, and if the Post Office can substantiate their claim to provide from Rugby better, cheaper and more reliable services than the Company can provide from the Beam stations, we should not object for a moment. It is essential, however, that the Company should be given the chance of showing the service which it can maintain, and that the public should be satisfied that the Post Office can provide a better service at the same cost. At the present time no one is satisfied of this, for the excellent reason that no comparative test has been allowed. More will be heard of this.

Russia

THE Russian situation demands close attention, and it is strange in this secular age to find the initiative passing from the politicians and the Press to the Churches. No politician in Western Europe can have read the Pope's acid reference to the Genoa Conference without a feeling of shame. It is just literally true that if the powers at that time had sought first the Kingdom of God and His glory, other things would have been added unto them. They preferred to play the huckster, and as a result got nothing but the satisfaction of an elementary lesson in public morals. To-day the scales are falling from our eyes, thanks to the immoral courage of the Kremlin and the moral courage of the Vatican, almost the only two institutions which know their own mind in this enlightened age. But it is still not realized that precisely because the basis on which Russia is trying to re-build her society

is morally wrong, it will for that reason fail as inevitably, and for reasons precisely as hard, cold and scientific as those which lead to the collapse of a house built on shifting sand. Sir Ernest Benn has done a public service in calling the attention of the public in his new book, "About Russia," to some of these fundamental points. It is particularly refreshing to read his clear diagnosis of the real reasons for the attack on religion and morality. "The attack on property will not succeed so long as the family is founded on the responsibilities of the parent to the child and the child to the parent. The family must, therefore, go." This is, of course, why all revolutionary movements in Europe ultimately fail. They must conquer the Christian religion or be conquered by it. The Russian experiment will fail, or Europe will cease to be Christian. There is no alternative.

Canon Donaldson and Education

THE dangerous condition of muddleheadedness which is the intellectual hall-mark of our age is, we are glad to see, beginning to excite alarm even in "advanced" circles. Canon Donaldson at Westminster Abbey last month warned his congregation that "the nations in this century will stand or fall by the intelligence of their people." He went on to say quite truly that much knowledge was worthless without wisdom and understanding. He did not, however, point the moral, which is indeed best left to those not committed to the dogmas of progressive politics. The fact remains that, if there is one assumption more essential than any other to conventional democracy, it is precisely the assumption that intelligence *can* be manufactured by an automatic process called education. By increasing the number of teachers, by raising the school age, and by building schools, we are at this moment engaged in expanding our intelligence-manufacturing plant. The moment is certainly a strange one for a prominent supporter of the Labour Party to choose for the pronouncement that knowledge is not what is wanted and that intelligence cannot be manufactured. We do not ourselves agree. Intelligence can be developed in whole classes and whole societies, *but not by mass education.*

The True and False in Educating

How, then, can it be done? The question demands consideration more than any other, and a little of the time wasted in Parliament in making the roads even more unsafe than they are to-day might well be devoted to it. One thing can be said for a start. More will be done in a year by teaching people to respect intelligence in others than will be done in a generation by teaching them that they possess it already themselves or that they can acquire it from books. The democracy of Athens learnt more from her buildings and her artists and her poets than the public schoolboys of Europe will ever learn from studying the writings of Plato and Aristotle. An age which ennobles vulgarity merely vulgarizes nobility, and an age which empoverishes culture cannot redress the balance by endowing illiteracy with power and doling out a miserable hotch-potch of second-rate book knowledge. Great peoples are bred by the influence of great institutions and the example of great men, and become wise only by learning their limitations and living within them. Institutions which enable them to do so with dignity and self-respect can and do create intelligence. "Education" as understood to-day is occupied in denying those limitations within which alone man can fruitfully use his intelligence, and so is destroying the value of such stock of intelligence as we still possess.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

George Adam

It is with deep regret that I have to record the death on March 22 of my friend and contributor, Mr. George Adam. Since February 1928 he had written the monthly "Notes from Paris" in The English Review, and his last work, when the hand of death was already on him, was to pen the notes which appear in this number.

After acting as foreign correspondent for Reuter's Agency for many years he became chief correspondent of the *Times* in Paris from 1914 to 1921. He was editor of the French articles in the 12th Edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and held a unique position as a writer of rare insight into contemporary French history. His wide experience, sound judgment, intellectual independence, and his intimacy with most of the leading men of the period gave authority to his opinions. His personal charm endeared him to a large circle of friends and not least to the many public men whose respect and confidence he held in an exceptional degree. He was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in recognition of his work in interpreting France to England and America.

In recent years he wrote a number of well-known books, the last of which, a life of Clemenceau, "The Tiger: George Clemenceau, 1841–1929," was published only a few weeks ago and reviewed in the February number of The English Review. Others were "Behind the Scenes at the Front," "Treason and Tragedy," a witty and intimate account of the French war trials, "A History of France," and "A Book About Paris," the last in collaboration with his wife, Mrs. Pearl Adam, herself an accomplished writer.

Ernest Remnant.

Notes from Paris

By George Adam

The Collapse of Luxury.—Paris, which watched with a considerable amount of malicious joy the great crash of Wall Street, which felt pleased to think that the same people could not always go on making all the money, is realizing more and more acutely the unity of the world's economic system. The season along the Riviera has been quite exceptionally bad, and the plight of the hotel-keepers is at last almost as serious as they declare it to be. All the luxury trades which provide France, and Paris in particular, with so much of her income are going through an extremely lean period.

Political Compromises.—While business is disappearing—and prognostics for the summer are gloomy—revenue returns continue to show such improvement that we should be faced by the somewhat lamentable spectacle of prosperous public finances and distressed private budgets, were it not for the uncertainties of politics. M. Tardieu's majority is a fragile instrument of government. The Opposition, firmly entrenched in the Finance Committee of the Chamber, is enabled by appealing to two conflicting interests to gain recruits without much difficulty. While it urges relief in taxation, it also cheerfully supports legislation of a costly character, provided always that it is of vote-catching importance. And there are signs that M. Tardieu may have to come to some further compromise with the opposition in this direction. M. Briand's sudden return from London did nothing to ease the Prime Minister's position. It caused a turmoil of gossip, in which there were only two agreed points; that Italy and "her" Mediterranean are worse than all the Barbary pirates that ever roved that sea and thought it theirs; and that Britain, in spite of official denials, has done her best to stiffen the Italian backbone. The gossip is angry gossip, but it has also been greatly enjoyed; French talkers love a good meaty grievance, and sometimes recall the small boy who indignantly spurned adult counsel to try and forget his tooth-trouble with: "Yes, but you can't see the ache!"

Lord Balfour.—The notice of Lord Balfour's death in the French Press was very interesting as showing how little-known some well-known men are. It was obvious that everybody knew he was well-known—and had to look

him up in reference books. Even though his main political activities are becoming remote in time, and his anti-Home Rule and pro-Zionist actions are an old tale save to those who treasure every scrap of material for making political capital, it is curious to see how gingerly his personality was approached by even the big French papers, with very few exceptions. The *Journal* printed Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's opinion of him, but it was really mostly remarkable for the extraordinary use of a preposition. "He was head of a clan, but polished by education at Eton." Let Mr. MacDonald keep well away from all clansmen for a while. A Moderate paper stated that he was one of the last members of an Empire of which he became "in some sort the grave-digger," and the extremist *Humanité*, perhaps forgetting one aspect of its name, thought it a pity that he could not have lived to see the fall of an Empire beneath the assaults of oppressed peoples in revolt. (With particular reference to the Arabs, not to the Jews.) Of Balfour the scholar, Balfour the great gentleman, there was hardly a mention; less still of his presence at the Signature of Peace.

Encouraging the Tourist.—The new High Commissioner for Tourism, M. Gaston Gerard, believes that he is a hammer and his job a nail. After a preliminary canter at the American Club weekly luncheon, where he said exactly what he expected the American Press to do, he went off to the Chamber and got down to serious business. If he has his way, the disembarkation and embarkation dues will be lifted, passports will be sufficient without visas (or alternatively visas will be cheaper), and a programme of propaganda will be initiated, to combat the activities whereby other countries try to draw the tourist to themselves. Last year, tourists spent fifteen milliards of francs in France, and four milliards got to the Treasury. M. Gerard thinks some of this money should be invested, at a probably high rate of interest, in this flourishing industry. His spirited programme also includes asking for contributions from the hotel-keeping, shipping, land-transport, and municipal bodies. It is a vasty deep from which he proposes to call spirits; but perhaps they will come, and one would not like to discourage such a doughty knight. At any rate, no country ever opened her arms more hopefully and widely than France is doing this spring towards the stranger without her gates, whom she hopes

to attract within them (complete with wallet, of course). And very few countries can offer such a programme of pleasures as she, especially while spring is changing into summer, and the charms of the season are making themselves into a beautiful stage-setting for a thousand human activities.

Enchanted Trees.—It is the season of flowering trees, and one day a great poet will write about that wonder of nature, when the dignity of the ageless forest takes to itself the fleeting loveliness of the frailest and most exquisite flower. In the Bois de Boulogne the fashionably famous Allée des Acacias becomes so beautiful that even the best-dressed people have to attend to it, and desist for a moment from talking of whether they shall go to the bridge-tea of Madame des Brioches or the cocktail-party of the young Duchesse de Lamadeleine. And the people who know about it go out in their car after dinner, and very slowly drive down that Allée, because on a warm evening acacia trees after dark smell like Paradise.

New Opera.—Nobody can accuse the Second State Musical Theatre of lack of enterprise. The new piece at the Opéra-Comique is Molière put to modern music! It is, as one might say, a war-marriage, but some of those last, after all. *George Dandin*, with a libretto by Marcel Belvianes and music by Max d'Ollone, and *Le Sicilien*, by André Dumas and Omer Letorey make up an agreeable evening, and although Molière's dialogue is lost (after which little remains), the experiment is a pleasant one. It is very noticeable that the public reacts at once, and with enthusiasm, to two numbers written in the old style. Modernist composers have for years battened on the masterpieces of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; Romeo and Marlborough have been laid under contribution. It is a moot point whether we may not in future find modern playwrights demanding that they be supported by Scarlatti and Tartini, if not Mozart and Liszt. But let authors and musicians settle such points among themselves and each to each; one of the most courageous experiments of this hardy, perhaps foolhardy, age, was that of M. Reynaldo Hahn, when he not only supplied his own music to Sacha Guitry's *Mozart*, but unconcernedly sandwiched it among excerpts from the works of Mozart himself. This takes a high place in the list of deeds of derring-do.

Protection and Empire Free Trade

By Cyril Atkinson, K.C., M.P.

THE force of circumstances is compelling people to turn to Protection and an Imperial Free Trade policy for the solution of our difficulties. Criticism is becoming crystallized. We know exactly what opponents will say about it all during the next election. The object of this article is to suggest certain principles which, if adopted, would, I believe, afford a complete answer to anything effective that may be said. It is never any use shutting one's eyes to the strength of an opponent's case. It is wiser to appreciate it and try to meet it.

As I understand it, the main case is this: The United Kingdom is a small and densely populated country. Seven-eighths of its people live, or try to live, on industry. We are compelled, and, unless something in the nature of a miracle happens, we shall continue to be compelled, to import a great proportion of our food. We shall always be compelled to import large quantities of raw material. (It is a striking fact that every ounce of the raw material of our greatest industry, the cotton industry, has to come from overseas). In the main, to an extent of about 60 per cent., we have to pay for all these imports by exporting manufactured goods. The world will only take our goods if we can sell as cheaply as other people; therefore we must do nothing that even may increase the cost of production, and, in particular, we must leave industry free to buy its raw material in the cheapest market. Further, we must do nothing that may raise the cost of living and create a demand for higher wages. Raw material is an elastic term. Many manufactured and partly manufactured goods are the raw material of some industry, e.g. steel plates for the shipbuilder. If by protecting the steel industry you raise the price of its products, you will injure the shipbuilder.

Now all this is perfectly true; yet it is being proved daily that our ability to buy in the cheapest market is not enough to enable us to sell as cheaply as other people—people who are not enjoying the ability to buy in the cheapest market.

We have three markets for our produce. There is the

home market, and £330,000,000 worth of goods wholly or mainly manufactured were imported into that market from abroad last year—goods we could have made for ourselves. And that is a figure growing ever larger.

There is the foreign market; and here we see ever-dwindling exports, increasing difficulties in the form of tariffs and an ever-growing ability of that market to supply itself. Then there is the Empire market. Here we see perhaps the most disturbing position of all. The Empire is taking about 64 per cent. of its imports from foreign countries. In 1928 Canada bought from the United States manufactured and semi-manufactured goods to the value of £130,000,000, while from the United Kingdom she bought goods to the value of £26,000,000. The main cause of the huge inroad into our home market and our Empire market is that we are undersold.

But why? I believe the answer is that we are always in competition with some form of protected large-scale production. It is to this fact that the obstinate Free Trader shuts his eyes, but it is the dominating fact in modern competition. Large-scale production is essential for cheap production and for efficient production, and experience shows that large-scale production for its attainment and safe preservation needs a protected large scale market.

Given everything else equal, a cotton industry, working 8 hours a day for 3 days a week, 24 hours out of 168, cannot compete with an industry working 96 hours a week, and if, on the top of that, the latter has a protected market behind it, the contest becomes an absurdity. Let me give one example of how it works in practice. Take a French manufacturer of worsteds. He is producing a cloth which costs him 2s. a yard for the wool and 1s. a yard for wages. The cost of the overhead expenses depends on the production. Let us assume that, if he could work to capacity, he could make 1,000 yards a week, and that his overheads would come to 1s. a yard. His cost of production working to capacity is 4s. a yard, and he could sell at 4s. 2d., making a profit of 2d. a yard. However, the home demand is for only 500 yards a week, and that being all he can dispose of, that is all he is making. His overhead expenses, having to be distributed over half the pro-

duction, work out at 2s. a yard, and the cost of production is 5s., requiring, of course, a sale at 5s. 2d. to make his 2d. per yard. His market is secure; he fears no competition; why should he not attack the English market; the East; anywhere where he is not hindered by duties?

He proceeds to work to capacity, reduces his cost of production to 4s., continues to sell in the home market at 5s. 2d., making 1s. 2d. profit, instead of 2d., per yard on 500 yards, leaving himself free to dump his surplus 500 yards at a far lower price in England. Competition may compel him to give the home market the benefit of some reduction of price; but he can sell at below his cost of production in England and still multiply his previous profits several times. He has simply used his increased production to decrease his cost of production and thereby increase his home profits, and has got rid of his surplus here at a price with which no one could compete. No wonder the worsted industry in England is *in extremis*. I believe it is undisputable that large-scale production backed by a secure large-scale home market is essential for production at competitive prices, just as essential as an ability to buy cheap raw material. The problem is how to secure these two essentials at one and the same time—cheap raw material, using the words in their widest sense, and a protected market.

I suggest two propositions which seem to me to go far to solve the problem.

First, nothing in the nature of raw material should be protected unless the home industry can fully supply the home demand. The answer to the question, Are you going to tax raw material like cotton? is, no! Obviously, no user of raw material should be compelled to buy duty-bearing stuff.

Secondly, a condition of every duty where the article is a raw material in any industry should be that the home market is supplied at the world price—not the dumped price, but the price prevailing in competitive markets.

I do not think that there ought to be any insuperable difficulty about this. Surely the State has a right to demand efficiency as a condition of a duty, and price is a very good test of efficiency.

It may be said, But how can this condition be complied with when wages here are so much higher than those

paid by our competitors? They are not so high as those paid in the United States. High wages there have not prevented cheap production. It may be that, in certain industries, adjustment of wages will be necessary, but any step of that kind should be the last to be taken, not the first, and there are more ways of adjusting wages than merely lowering them, e.g. in the cotton weaving industry if weavers would consent to tend more than four looms, the wage bill would be reduced without loss to the weaver. This, too, is to be remembered, that the proportion wages bear to the total cost of production is tending to decrease. The more highly developed machinery demands less labour. The automatic loom is a very different proposition from the loom in general use to-day. Again, it does not follow that the lower wage attracts the same skill as the higher.

The Derating Act, to give it its popular name, has relieved industry of one of its handicaps, and I shall be slow to believe that the bulk of our industries are not capable of becoming sufficiently efficient to produce at world prices, if they have a sufficiently large scale market secured to them.

If these two propositions are practicable—and I cannot see why they are not—the advantage of a protected market would be secured without sacrificing our present ability to buy cheap raw material. Certainly there would be inability to buy at dumped prices; but even Mr. Lloyd George admits that that must be stopped. There would be no difficulty about enforcing such a condition. A Price Board with power to issue licences to import free of duty if the products in question could not be obtained at competitive prices would effectively enforce the condition. There is a good example of such a Board in the committee which deals with the prices of dyes. Whether or not this particular condition be accepted, I think that the country will demand some machinery for the protection of the consumer.

Several of our great industries are capable of so large a production that the protection of a home market consisting of the United Kingdom would not help them to any very great extent. Even last year the cotton industry exported nearly 4,000,000,000 square yards of cotton cloth. It could export about twice that quantity. We imported less than 100,000,000 square yards.

It is here that the substitution of the Empire for the United Kingdom as our home market is so appealing. It is an ideal that makes one's mouth water. A home market of 450 million people, covering one quarter of the world! Even our largest industries would have a sufficiently large-scale protected market to secure large-scale production. Compliance with the second condition would be facilitated. Many more raw materials could be protected as complying with my first condition. American cotton would still be excluded, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Wedgwood Benn! though indeed, condition or no condition, no one would tax American cotton. But many food-stuffs would become eligible for protection, not to help us in the United Kingdom but to help the rest of the Empire home market. I think that it is in dealing with food stuffs that my second condition becomes of outstanding importance. Will this country accept the idea of duties on foreign food-stuffs unless there is some such machinery to protect the consumer? Lancashire and Yorkshire are painfully familiar with such things as price rings. Why should Canada object to an offer from the United Kingdom and, may be, the rest of the Empire, of a secure and certain market for her wheat if she will undertake to supply it at a fair price, having due regard to the world price? No one will ask Canada to abandon her duties against us—merely to put such added duty on to goods from foreign countries as will enable us to supply that which Canada cannot herself supply—again, at fair prices, having due regard to world prices. It seems to me that my proposal holds the balance fairly between producer and consumer, and meets all criticism that has been levelled against the policy adopted by the leader of the Conservative Party.

If it definitely formed part of the policy to be submitted to the country, no longer would the matter rest in prophecy, no longer would it be a matter of Liberal and Labour cries of "Prices will go up," and of Conservative retorts, "Prices will not go up." We should be in a position to say, "Prices cannot go up," and nothing less will satisfy the ignorant housewife who spends her life trying to make both ends meet. Fear, not trust, is still the dominant sentiment in the world.

The Referendum

By Professor H. A. Smith

(*Professor of International Law in the University of London*)

MR. BALDWIN'S sudden promise to submit the question of food taxes to a special popular vote bears all the marks of a hasty decision dictated by the exigencies of party strategy. It is most unfortunate that this should be so, since the adoption of the referendum as an instrument of government either foreshadows or implies a far-reaching change in our political practice. Whether such change be for good or for evil can only be determined by a much more careful examination of the principles involved. In particular it is necessary to be on our guard against inferences hastily drawn from the practice of other countries whose political systems differ widely from our own.

Under the principles of government which have long prevailed in this country, the primary responsibility for all political decisions is placed upon the Cabinet. For the rightness of these they are accountable to the House of Commons, and from the verdict of the House there lies an appeal to the people at large voting in a general election. But this liability to account does not mean that the executive ministers are relieved from their primary responsibility for making the decision. Their first duty is to decide, and they must take the risk of their decision being subsequently approved. To say in effect, "We propose to do this, if you agree," is to shift this primary responsibility from themselves to the electorate.

Whether this political tradition of ours be sound or unsound I do not at the moment propose to ask. That it is in fact the established practice of this country is beyond all dispute. Whether it be wise or unwise to abandon this tradition is again an arguable question. But, that such an abandonment either inaugurates or implies a fundamental change, again seems to me to be unquestionable.

In other countries with other traditions the referendum is not inconsistent with the general political system.

THE REFERENDUM

The Tenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States lays down that "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, *or to the people.*" The first ten amendments were ratified in 1791 and are practically part of the original Constitution. Acting upon the principle implied in these words, some sixteen American states have expressly given to their electorates the power of overriding the decisions of the legislature, and even of passing laws without its assistance.* The competence of the state legislatures to make laws is in every case severely limited, not only by the Federal, but also by the State, constitution. This policy depends upon a doctrine, deeply rooted in American political thought, which holds that all legislatures are merely delegates with limited and specified powers, the general residue of political power being reserved to "the people" at large. Our principle of "the sovereignty of Parliament"—the principle that Parliament can legally do anything which is not naturally impossible—is utterly alien to American political thought.

Further, it must be remembered that in the United States there is no such thing as "responsible government," no doctrine that the executive is responsible to the legislature for its decisions. The executive and the legislature are each elected separately, and for fixed terms. The legislature cannot dismiss the ministers, and the ministers cannot dissolve the legislature. No individual can at the same time be a member of both bodies. Granted sufficient majorities, the legislature can pass bills into law over the heads of the executive, just as it can vote taxes or expenditure which the executive officers neither seek nor approve. The result is that laws can be passed, taxes imposed, and money appropriated, by a body which is irresponsible in the strict sense that it has no responsibility whatever for the actual administration of government. That being so, the referendum has a legitimate place in such a political system as a means whereby the actions of an otherwise irresponsible body

* This power of directly enacting laws is technically known as the "initiative." No one has yet proposed that it should be introduced into this country.

can be submitted to review by the people at large. Upon the practical merits of this system American observers are sharply divided, and we are in no position to adjudicate upon their differences. I am only concerned to point out that the American referendum is the product of a political system and political principles which are essentially different from our own, so that analogies drawn from it must be misleading unless full allowance is made for these differences.

Analogies drawn from Swiss practice are no less misleading. The most distinctive feature of the Swiss system is that the executive government of the Confederation is not conducted on party lines. Switzerland is administered by an executive council of seven members. These are individually elected by the Federal Assembly for a term of three years, but they are usually re-elected without regard to party affiliations for as long as they are willing to serve. They may speak in the Assembly, but do not vote. They cannot dissolve the legislature, and their decisions can be overruled by the Assembly without causing a change of government. Parties exist in the Assembly, but the tradition of Switzerland regards the executive council as a non-partisan body, their tenure of office depending, not upon the support of a party majority, but upon their individual capacity for the work of administration.

That being so, the primary responsibility for deciding controversial questions rests with the Assembly, and an appeal from its decisions to the judgment of the people is a logical and proper consequence of the system. The referendum can be demanded by 30,000 electors or by eight cantons upon any law of general application which has not been declared by the legislature to be a matter of urgency. The people also enjoy the right of "initiative" in proposing changes in the federal constitution. Party organization is very loose in Switzerland, and the result of a popular vote does not affect the executive government, with the consequence that most questions submitted to the people are genuinely decided upon their merits without regard to party differences. In principle there is much to be said for this system, and again I do not propose to discuss its advantages. But

it is essentially different from our own. Furthermore, we must remember that in Switzerland the referendum is an institution deeply rooted in national history and consecrated by centuries of tradition. Historically it can be traced back to the popular assemblies of the Teutonic tribes, and it has been preserved through the varying developments of political organization.

Analogies drawn from Canadian practice are more instructive, since Canada has inherited from Great Britain the general principle of " responsible government " with its inevitable consequence of party organization. American influence has led some of the Western provinces to attempt the establishment of the initiative and referendum as a method of direct popular legislation, but the Privy Council has held these experiments to be beyond the legal competence of the provincial legislatures.

Putting aside the use of the popular vote as a direct method of legislation, there remain two uses of the referendum which can be fitted into our existing political system. Whether they are logically reconcilable with its main principles is another matter. Both have been employed in Canada. In the first place, the popular vote may be used as a means of informing the government and legislature of the state of public opinion upon a particular question, without relieving the Cabinet of its primary duty of making a decision in the light of the information thus obtained. For example, in 1898 the Dominion government took a vote upon the general question of liquor prohibition. The result showed a very small majority in favour of prohibition, but it was evident from the figures that most of the electors had not taken the trouble to vote at all, and the Cabinet rightly decided that the time had not come for the enactment of a general prohibition law. In this case the ministers did not attempt to evade their primary responsibilty for making the decision.

On the other hand, the Manitoba referendum of 1923 illustrates the difficulty of reconciling the practice with our party system. The provincial Cabinet at that time was prohibitionist and was supported by a prohibitionist majority in the legislature, which had enacted a prohibition law in 1915, confirmed by popular vote in the

next year. Under pressure the Cabinet consented to submit to the people the question of substituting government sale of liquor for the existing prohibition law. The result showed a heavy majority in favour of government sale, and the ministers consequently felt under a moral obligation to introduce a Bill to that effect, although it was contrary to their own avowed principles. In other words, they transferred to the electorate the responsibility of deciding a major political issue, and took the view that their own tenure of office should not be affected by a decision adverse to their declared policy.

The same result has been reached in the second class of cases, where the referendum has been used in the form of conditional legislation, the operation or repeal of a particular law being made to depend upon the result of a popular vote. It is unnecessary here to cite the occasions upon which this method of presenting the issue has been adopted in Canada. Again the responsibility for decision is shifted from the Cabinet to the people, and the existence of the ministry is made independent of the popular vote. The ministry continues to rely upon its parliamentary majority, even when the referendum has proved that the views of this majority differ from those of the people.

In so far as this practice extends, its consequences are clear. The question of office is severed from questions of policy. At a general election the people vote, not upon policies, but upon which of two parties shall hold office. At the referendum they decide questions of policy, and the government in power undertakes to carry out the decision irrespective of its own opinions. The government abandons the rôle of leader for that of follower, and a general election becomes a scramble for office instead of a judgment upon policy.

In practice the referendum in Canada has been almost wholly used to decide the liquor question, and in recent years it has almost dropped out, since the parties have discovered that a solid majority of the people is definitely opposed to prohibition. The reason for its popularity during the period when prohibition was a live issue is to be found in the decay of the party system in Canada. The names " Liberal " and " Conservative " have long ceased

to have any meaning that can be defined in terms of permanent principle or policy. Like the so-called "Republicans" and "Democrats" in the United States, the parties have preserved their organizations, but the whole purpose of these consists in securing office. Instead of permanent policies they adopt "platforms" for each election, which are naturally constructed upon the vote-catching principle. Upon real questions of policy the parties themselves are often as much divided as the people. For example, the Quebec "Liberals" are Protectionists, while the "Liberals" from the prairie provinces are more or less Free Traders. Until recently, the established parties were similarly divided upon the question of prohibition. Like the parties south of the border, neither would take the risk of alienating a large body of support by definitely inserting either a "dry plank" or a "wet plank" in its platform. In the last few years it has become clear that public opinion in Canada has definitely repudiated prohibition in favour of the policy of government sale of liquor, and this policy has therefore been adopted by the various provincial cabinets, both "Liberal" and "Conservative."

Leaving the American and Swiss examples on one side, we may now ask how far Canadian experience throws any light upon the problem of the referendum, as it has arisen in this country. Given a general similarity of the two political systems, we may reasonably assume that the same causes will produce the same results, or, conversely, that we may ascribe like results to like causes. It is beyond dispute that in Canada the employment of the referendum has been due to the unwillingness of the established political parties to commit themselves definitely upon the issues which genuinely interest and also divide the people. Each party is desperately afraid of coming down on the wrong side of the fence. In other words, they attach more importance to obtaining or retaining office than to carrying out a policy.

If the referendum is ever adopted in this country, it will be a symptom of a like decay in our party system, assuming that the general framework of responsible government is preserved. That such a process of decay is going on seems to me to be indisputable. It is becoming

almost impossible to discern any clear lines of principle that divide the parties. They adopt one another's programmes with the most cynical opportunism, and individuals find it increasingly easy to pass from one party to another without any change of personal convictions. We have not yet travelled the whole road, but we are undoubtedly drawing nearer to a stage at which the parties will persist as organizations without creeds.

If that stage is ever definitely reached, and the parties are still suffered to exist, the referendum will then fall into its place as a proper and logical consequence of such a development. The responsibility for taking the initial decision upon major issues, when it has been refused by the politicians, will devolve upon the people. Elections will be merely a means of deciding which group shall hold office, and the methods of political discussion will be directed solely to that end. It seems to me beyond argument that such a development implies a profound degradation of political life and practice.

By this I do not mean to argue that the referendum is necessarily an improper instrument of government. Given an appropriate political system and an appropriate political tradition, it may prove itself to be an excellent institution. Most observers seem to think that it works admirably in Switzerland, where organized parties play a comparatively small part in politics. In the United States, where party organization is as technically perfect as it is morally disreputable, the results are much more dubious. All I am concerned to maintain is that the regular use of the referendum is fundamentally inconsistent with our own historic system of responsible government based upon parties divided by clear differences of doctrine. Its emergence in such a system is nothing but a symptom of decay. Mr. Baldwin's proposal to adopt this expedient is at present limited to a single issue. Whether it will be left thus isolated, or whether it is intended to form a precedent, probably even its author would not yet be prepared to say. But there seems no sound reason why the particular issue of food taxes should thus be singled out for special treatment. In principle this question, indeed, appears to be extremely unsuitable for submission to a special vote. The financial policy of the Cabinet forms a single unit, and each item of the

Budget is necessarily related to every other. If food taxes are rejected, others must be imposed, and if food taxes are imposed, others may presumably be remitted. In either case they affect the whole economic equilibrium of the country, for which the national government is responsible, and they have also an important bearing upon many problems of imperial and foreign relations.

Whatever we do, we should not hastily adopt the referendum as a means of enabling harassed politicians to preserve the unity of their party organizations by evading the political issues which it is their first duty to decide. If we adopt it under such conditions, it becomes merely a means of perpetuating the party system after that system has lost its reality and its justification. It is like stopping a tooth which ought to be pulled out.

All our existing parties are fundamentally conservative in the sense that none of them proposes to touch the party system, by which they live and move and have their being. Meanwhile, Parliament itself is steadily falling in public esteem, since every year makes it more apparent that it no longer in any real sense decides the great issues of policy. Its function has become chiefly the registration of decisions taken outside its walls, and it has abandoned almost entirely its historic function as the guardian of the public purse. In this country the differences between the parties are still real, but they relate chiefly to the methods of raising and spending public money. At a time when economy is the most urgent of all needs the party system compels each party to enter upon a competition in extravagance.

These are great evils, but the problem of grappling with them awaits a statesman far greater than any of those at present on the stage. Many of us believe that reform, if it is to be real, must go far deeper than the mere substitution of one group of office-holders for another. When that time comes, it may be that the referendum will find its proper place in a reformed political system that will harmonize in one national government the historic authority of the King, the experience of his ablest servants, and the considered will of a free people. But unless we can include the referendum in a great policy of far-reaching reform, we shall do better to leave it alone.

Unemployment and the Poor Law

By Wm. Marshall Freeman*

On April 1, 1930 (a favourite date with our new bureaucracy for carrying into effect "reforms" which invariably promise economy) the old Boards of Guardians will finally disappear and a brand new system of "public assistance" will take the place of what we have hitherto known as "relief of the poor." In this particularly sensitive age there is a danger lest, in pursuance of our modern habit of believing what we want to believe and disbelieving all that does not accord with our cherished sentiments, we deceive ourselves—or allow ourselves to be deceived. Particularly is that weakness to be observed in the gullibility with which the great British public—the electorate, if you will—accepts the assurances of its changing political parties as to the "economy" that will follow every new administrative "reform" placed upon the Statute Book.

The Local Government Act of 1929 which has thus transferred the functions of the old Boards of Guardians to County and Borough Councils is not likely by so doing to bring down the cost of giving assistance to those who need it. "Public Assistance" may sound much more attractive than "Poor Relief" but after all it comes to the same thing. Let the rate-payer be assured that the change of name and venue for his contributions will certainly not sweeten the payments required of him by lessening their amount. In point of fact, it will be surprising if he does not find the burden increased, even though the increase may be wrapped up in differently labelled "particulars of expenditure." One thing is quite clear. The Local Government Act and the Poor Law (Consolidation) Act now in process of completion may be searched from end to end for any hopeful sign of the encouragement of the spirit of manly independence that is a basic necessity of these days of "benefit" (erroneously termed "dole"). The discoverers of the virtue of "public assistance" may well be reminded

* The writer was for five years Honorary Chairman of the Birmingham Advisory Committee of the Ministry of Labour.

of a great pronouncement on this subject by Gladstone in 1889 :—

But let the working man be on his guard against another danger. We live at a time when there is a disposition to think that the Government ought to do this and that, and that the Government ought to do everything. There are things which the Government ought to do and does not do, I have no doubt. In former periods the Government have neglected much, and possibly even now they neglect something. But there is a danger on the other side. If the Government takes into its hands that which the man ought to do for himself, it will inflict upon him greater mischief than all the benefits he will have received or all the advantages that would accrue from them. The essence of the whole thing is that the spirit of true and genuine manly independence should be preserved in the minds of the people, in the minds of the masses of the people, in the minds of every member of that class.*

The old system which is thus being replaced was devised in the days of Queen Elizabeth for the relief of the necessitous poor, and it was a broadly-conceived scheme intended to help all sorts of unfortunate people, whether aged and infirm, workless or without means, or however brought " under the weather."

The statute of 1601 (42 Eliz. c. 2) described as " An Acte for the Reliefe of the Poore " enacts that the Churchwardens of every parish together with a certain number of " substantial householders " shall be nominated yearly in Easter week under the hands and seals of two Justices of the Peace to be " Overseers of the Poor." They are to " take order from tyme to tyme " by and with the consent of the two Justices of the Peace " for settinge to worke of the Children of all suche whose Parentes shall not by the saide Churchwardens and Overseers or the greater parte of them be thoughte able to keepe and maintaine their children " and also for " settinge to worke all such persons maried or unmaried as having no meanes to maintain them use no ordinaire or dailie trade of lief to get their livinge by." The Churchwardens and Overseers are to raise such necessary sums by local taxation as are needed to provide " a convenient Stocke of Flaxe, Hempe, Wooll, Threed, Iron and other necessarie Ware and Stuffe to sett the Poore on worke." They are also directed to raise competent sums of money towards the relief of the lame, impotent, old,

* Speech at Saltney, Chester, October 26, 1889.

blind and others being poor and not able to work and also for the putting out of children to be apprentices. They must render true accounts of money, stock, etc., and if they absent themselves without lawful excuse or neglect their duties, they are to be fined 20s. for every such default.

The Poor Relief Act of Elizabeth was not by any means the first statute passed with the object of relieving distress. The earliest on the subject, passed in 1388 (12 Rich. II c. 7) provided that poor persons of the mendicant class should be sent back to the parish in which they were born. Subsequent legislation was based on the same idea—that poor persons' welfare was the business of the parishes to which they originally belonged and that no parish should be burdened with the maintenance of strangers. That led ultimately to the very complicated law of settlement and removal which has at length come to an end; but the basic principles of finding work for the workless and of relieving genuine distress are admirably outlined in the perfectly sympathetic and practical legislation of Queen Elizabeth's reign. It was perhaps inevitable that in process of time, as population grew and Government departments began to emerge, the simplicity of the original plan should give place to complexity and the primary object in view should be lost sight of in the furtherance of the bureaucratic vested interests that grew up on all sides. So it came about that the money collected for the relief of the poor began to be spent largely—and in the end mainly—in administrative expenses. During the last half-century administrative expenditure of Boards of Guardians has grown to dimensions out of all proportion to the actual benefits conferred upon poor persons. Since the War the extent of the claims made upon the Guardians has also increased enormously. The number of persons actually in receipt of relief or "assistance" from Boards of Guardians during the last three years has been roughly twice the number of those who claimed it during the three years before the War!

Over and above all this we have the great army of the unemployed for whose supposed benefit at least a score of Acts of Parliament have been passed since 1911!

UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE POOR LAW

Does the nation realize that since Unemployment Insurance came into vogue, we have in fact added a new burden entirely to the already unendurable load of Poor Law administration? It is true that the insured person contributes to the fund, but how many thousands of contributors are there who would never dream of making application for " benefit " and who would cease to have anything to do with the scheme to-morrow, were it not that they come legally within the ambit of the law which forces them and their employers to pay! This is a factor in the Unemployment Insurance question that is generally ignored. Precisely the same observation applies to the National Health Insurance Scheme, though to a less degree. But here again thousands of persons in employment are compelled by law to share with their employers a weekly payment for which they will never get any return simply because they would not in any event go " on the panel," but, should the need for medical attention arise, would go to their own family doctor. The truth in regard to both schemes is that a very large sum of money is being taken out of the pockets of the " black-coated " classes which goes towards paying for medical and unemployment benefits for other people. It never seems to have occurred to any member of Parliament to call for returns of the number of insured persons showing the extent to which the funds of these two schemes are being kept up by money extracted from unwilling contributors. An investigation into this aspect of Unemployment Insurance would reveal even more plainly than the borrowings of the fund from the State reveal the costliness of it all to the nation and its industries.

Sooner or later the country will have to face the necessity for a complete review of all its complex schemes for helping the necessitous, and enabling people of slender means to make provision for the rainy day and old age. So far as unemployment is concerned, there are several obvious reforms that might be carried out at once which would alter the aspect of that problem entirely. We need to realize that the periodical statistics, though purporting to show the number of unemployed persons, convey an entirely fallacious idea of the state of affairs. Our politicians of

all parties seem quite content to assume that, if trade were better, the bulk of this unemployed army would be wiped out. But is that a safe assumption? Is it confirmed by a glance at any queue of unemployed lined up outside an employment exchange? The nation has yet to realize that the one outstanding result of the Unemployment Insurance Acts has been to cause a gravitation to the employment exchanges of the entire *residuum* of the labouring classes. That residuum—using the term in no offensive sense but merely as meaning those left after the labour market has taken what it needs of the skilled or effective—is daily becoming more static.

The composition of that residuum merits analysis. It includes every ineffective unemployable individual who has not drifted off to the poor law guardians by reason of being unable to maintain any further claim to "benefit" (quite incorrectly termed "dole"). It includes the whole of the genuinely idle section of the community who know how to recover the right to "benefit" by keeping in employment for the requisite period: and of course, it includes those who are genuinely seeking work. There are, then, at least three distinct groups to be found among the registered unemployed. The first group will be found to be composed entirely of elderly, infirm or physically degenerate persons of the type that nobody will employ—the last to secure and the first to lose work. Why is it that we cannot have this section medically examined and dealt with according to their capacity? What is the use of keeping them wandering about from factory to factory with cards of introduction, only to be turned away time after time until they lose heart altogether and cease to make the slightest effort even to show themselves at their poor best—a pathetic rebuke to our national industrial system? In Queen Elizabeth's day work would have been found for them. It ought to be found for them to-day. It *could* be found. The Government still have on their hands, or could easily acquire, big empty factories where the sad residuum of "labour" could be employed—according to their varied capacities—in unskilled work that would at least enable them to maintain their self-respect and would relieve the community of the appalling expense

involved in keeping big staffs of officials at expensive employment exchanges merely to interview men day after day and week after week to no purpose whatever! An experienced medical expert in company with the present writer once "took stock" of a queue of some hundreds of men outside the Central Employment Exchange of a great city and expressed the conviction that 25 per cent. at least could be certified as "unemployables." They were so physically degenerate or so unattractive generally as to be quite incapable of getting jobs in the open labour market, or of keeping them for many hours or many days if they actually got them!

So much for the imbecile and ineffective "out-of-works." What of the group which is genuinely seeking work? Is it any better provided for by the employment exchanges than it was in the old days when employers and workers advertised their needs and so got into touch with one another? True, a certain number of employers now send to the employment exchanges when they have vacancies for skilled workers instead of advertising for them; and, similarly, a certain number of artisans go to the employment exchanges to ask for jobs and to get the "benefit" for which they have been made to pay. But it is still true that a very large proportion of vacant situations are filled up without the intervention of employment exchanges at all—and if these all disappeared to-morrow, the skilled labour market would not be disturbed in the least. Employers would put a two-line advertisement in the local paper or would notify the local Trade Union, and the available skilled workers would find the billets they needed.* That, in fact, is what goes on at the present time to a large extent, and it is only the elderly skilled worker as a rule that finds difficulty in getting a fresh job.

There are several reasons why that is so. In the first place the modern employer—who is a business man and not necessarily a philanthropist—feeling the pressure of high wages, restricted hours, and Factory Act legislation, is bent on getting the most effective workers he

* In the writer's experience the most effective (and inexpensive) work done in administering unemployment "benefit" was that done by Trade Unions acting under official supervision. Much greater use might be made of that form of assistance.

can secure. Workmen's Compensation Acts, with the openings they give for absenteeism, are also an additional burden. The result is a tendency in most large factories to employ only the younger men. Pathetic are the stories that may be heard by anyone concerned in the work of the employment exchanges from elderly men who are turned away from factory after factory without a hearing because they have reached middle life. How to remedy this state of affairs is a problem not easy to solve. It seems, however, a matter that might very well come under the supervision of the King's Roll committees set up to ensure that a certain proportion of ex-service men shall be employed in all factories where work is done for government departments and otherwise. Certain it is that something ought to be done in this particular direction. There are far too many big employers and boards of directors who leave the engaging and discharging of workmen to a "labour officer" either with definite or tacit authority not to engage any man above a certain age. The result is that at the present time there are a large number of industrious, competent men of middle age capable of doing excellent work, many of them with home responsibilities, who are wandering about hopelessly unable to find work, whilst younger men with no family responsibilities are given the preference. It is cruel and heartless —but perhaps not surprising in view of the pressure of legal enactments to-day, not to speak of the red tape by which those legal enactments are too often tied up by those who administer them.

It is not difficult to see that the problem of Public Assistance to the necessitous in this country is one that ought to be faced on the same lines as were followed by the statesmen of the sixteenth century. By departing from those lines—instead of holding on to them whilst rooting out the abuses that have grown up around them —we have loaded ourselves with two gigantic systems of relief. The costliness of both grows and will continue to grow more rapidly than ever now that we have dispensed with the services of the Boards of Guardians, to whom after all the country owes a debt of gratitude the extent of which has yet to become known and felt—as it will be known and felt—in the enormously

increased total of rates and taxes, despite all manipulation by "de-rating" and other futile expedients for suppressing or hiding the ultimate reality. One can only hope that before long a statesman will arise of prescience and strength to compel a halt in the onward rush of reckless and needless expenditure to which the nation now stands committed. This expenditure leaps up at every fresh attempt to meet some sectional demand or fill some hitherto unsuspected need. The ideal which inspired the Local Government Act of 1929 was to centralize all forms of local government in the County and County Borough Councils. There was and is much to be said for it, but its essential weaknesses are exactly the same as those of the great industrial and commercial amalgamations to which we have lately grown accustomed —top-heaviness and unmanageableness with consequent loss of economy in every direction.

Much could be done to stem the tide of useless expenditure on the unemployed—and that without in any way inflicting hardship upon the necessitous. But the way of reform lies in a diametrically opposite direction to that now being followed. The vested interests which have grown up in and around the Ministry of Labour already equal—if they do not actually surpass—in extent the vested interests that have accumulated round the administration of poor relief. We may be quite sure that any attempt to relieve the unemployment figures by a bold elimination of the unemployable would meet with the stoutest resistance engineered from behind the scenes through the usual political channels. Ministers of Labour, coming and going with the fluctuation of political parties, have so far been but as clay in the hands of the clever permanent potters of Whitehall: and as yet there are no indications that the kind-hearted little Lady now in command will fare any better than her predecessors in this regard. The only hope—so far as I can see—is that presently British Labour will follow the example of Labour in Italy and evolve a British Mussolini to rid us, as Italy has been rid, of the whole bureaucratic despotism that is strangling all genuine economic reform and progress. When such a Master Potter arrives, he might well look in first at Montagu House.

Parliament, Platitudes, and Ex-Soldiers' Employment

By F. George, ex-Sergeant The Sherwood Foresters

THE forthcoming Army Estimates will doubtless be of particular interest from the fact that they will be the first introduced by the present Socialist Government. How far they will go in further reducing the Army, whether the "No more War" section of the Socialists will obtain all they desire, and which of the Mechanization or Anti-Mechanization schools will be the victors for their policy, will probably be revealed. There will also doubtless be the usual annual talk about civil employment of Ex-Soldiers.

Definite action, one way or the other, will be taken by Parliament on matters appertaining to the Army, but with regard to Ex-Soldiers' employment, the usual platitudes will be uttered and sympathy expressed, backed up with figures giving the number of men passing through the Army Vocational Training Centres, but omitting any mention of the large percentage who cannot avail themselves of these establishments.

It is doubtful if our legislators will do anything, as a Parliament, to place in employment men who have left or will be leaving the Army in the future. Macaulay in his Essay on Hallam's "Constitutional History of England" writes:—

> That, by the old constitution, no military authority was lodged in the Parliament, Mr. Hallam has clearly shown. That it is a species of authority which ought not to be permanently lodged in large and divided assemblies, must we think, in fairness be conceded. Opposition, publicity, long discussions, frequent compromise; these are the characteristics of the proceedings of such assemblies.

Those words were written many years ago, and to-day no one would think of suggesting that the Army should be at the absolute disposal of the King. But the opinion expressed by Macaulay on the procedure of Parliament is as true to-day, so far as the Ex-Soldier's position is

concerned, as when the words were written. Long discussions, frequent compromise, and little result, aptly states the case.

From the far-off day when Parliament took control of the Army up to the present time it has talked, but never admitted by statute, liability for employment after discharge of its fighting men.

Things will go on as they are until politicians will admit in Parliament what they probably know, or ought to know in their position, that the short service military system of the country, their system, is at the root of the difficulty in finding work for Ex-Soldiers.

After the short service system was introduced in 1870, and the first batch of reservists was turned loose upon the country, swarms of them were to be seen begging in the streets of London. Within the knowledge of the writer similar scenes followed the conclusion of the South African War. Parliament, representing the Nation, was in both cases responsible for the deplorable position of these men. As a remedy for its own failing, it takes the line of least resistance by acting on the principle that it is " the other fellow's job," i.e. the employer of Labour. Through the War Office, and official and unofficial bodies controlled by the War Office, " appeals " are made to employers of Labour. These men will not, because they cannot as practical men in a competitive market, employ Ex-Soldiers. But politicians pat themselves on the back, and console their consciences with the thought that by sentimental oratory they have done something—which for practical purposes is nothing.

The deplorable scenes of Ex-Soldier beggars after 1870, and after the South African War, were repeated after the Great War. Admittedly the situation in the employment market was then abnormal, but the fact remains that short service in the Army—1914 to 1918—penalized for after-employment many men, particularly the younger ones. Parliament did something then to re-settle men. It instituted the " dole," an expedient which has become a stranglehold on the vitality of many men for work. It advocated, and through Departments of State, carried out certain principles of priority of employment for Ex-Service men. This was probably

done under pressure, perhaps moral, most likely otherwise, based on what Ex-Service men of pre-war days were asking for. As a justification of that statement it will be well to give a very brief narrative of an organization which was formed in 1912. It astonished the powers that be tremendously.

The Society was run entirely by Ex-Service men themselves who worked with methods, and asked for things, quite outside the officially recognized routine for employment of Ex-Service men. It asked for work by Statutory Right, instead of platitudes, sympathy and charity.

Highly placed officials and official organizations instead of helping the movement, retarded it, until the pressure, by constitutional methods, became so great that the Prime Minister of the time (the then Mr. Asquith) had to listen to what the men had to say, and the Secretary of State for War took action. The Society broke up when the Great War began, but it appears to have left a solid foundation for the future.

The objects of the Society were :—

(i) The employment of seventy-five per cent. of ex-Naval and Military men in all government departments. This also to apply to all employment in naval and garrison towns under the direct orders of Naval and Military authority.

(ii) The awarding of "service" marks in Civil Service Examinations on account of Naval or Military Service, thus enabling ex-Naval and Military men of superior education to compete on fair terms with those whose studies have not been interfered with by service in the Navy and Army.

(iii) To urge upon the Admiralty and War Office the necessity for giving Service men opportunities for technical and agricultural instruction, and other facilities for preparing themselves for a return to civil life.

(iv) To urge upon the Government the necessity of eliminating the age clause limit as it applies to ex-Naval and Military men when seeking official appointments.

(v) To urge for a return from Admiralty, War Office, and other Government Contractors showing the percentage of ex-Naval and Military men employed by

them. Contracts to be given to the contractor employing the largest percentage of ex-Naval and Military men, always provided that the interests of the public are not thereby prejudiced.

(vi) To urge that railways and all undertakings enjoying a monopoly by Act of Parliament should be required to employ 50 per cent. of ex-Naval and Military men.

(vii) Fifty per cent. of ex-Naval men to be employed on all vessels owned by firms and individuals in receipt of a subsidy for carrying mails. The rule to apply to vessels employed on other Government services.

(viii) Twenty-five per cent. of ex-Naval and Military men to be employed on all municipal undertakings controlled by the Local Government Board.

(ix) To promote the best interests of ex-Naval and Military men in any manner authorized by the Central Committee.

An examination of these objects, with present day recognized and adopted principles (concrete cases are the formation of Vocational Training Centres and Education whilst serving to fit men for Civil life as asked for in Object No. 3), should give food for reflection as to how far such an organization, brought into being again, and working on the same lines, might go towards the accomplishment of a Statutory right for employment of Ex-Service men after discharge from the fighting forces.

If the State engages men in its service as soldiers for a period of years, and those the early years of life, and that service handicaps them for employment on return to the civil community, is it wrong to ask that the State should recognize its liability, and find them work?

For nearly 50 years the man who has served in the fighting forces has suffered for his service to the State. We know a State is soulless. It takes full toll where Ex-Service men are concerned of the adage "The State before self." At a grave crisis such as the Great War brought forth, this rule must stand to save the State, but is it necessary in normal times of peace, and why should Ex-Service men make the sacrifice at all times more than any other section of the community?

May I here, with deep reverence and remembrance of

those of my chums and many more who have passed to the Great Beyond, make the statement that the dead of the fighting forces are recognized by the State? The service at the Cenotaph each year has become a State function. It is attended by the King and Ministers of State. The Cenotaph ceremony is recognition, by an act, of a debt to dead fighters. Is it, to repeat my question, asking too much for the State to give similar recognition to the living?

Those who now live, who walked in life in the midst of death but did not pass over, and who have come back to a world of materialism must have the wherewithal to live. Every canon of recognized morality in man admits that fact. All the appeals, all the platitudes, all the "sobstuff" written in the Press, and spoken elsewhere, will not alter things either for men who served in the Great War, or for those who will be the Ex-Soldiers of to-morrow. Parliament alone can do the right thing. But it has for so long declined to do it that there seems little hope of any action in the immediate future unless :—

(i) Political (non-party) pressure is brought to bear on Parliament by Ex-Service men using such constitutional methods as those of the Society I have mentioned, or

(ii) Army Reform is brought about.

It must suffice here to say that with regard to (i), facts are available to prove that considerable success was obtained by this method despite opposition from most unexpected quarters and none more bitter than from Civil Servants.

Concerning (ii), a reversion to long service (21 years) for all men with a pension, is one solution. This is not looked on favourably by the War Office because it would mean a complete alteration of the existing system of finding a reserve for expansion in time of war. But are we to have any more war? Other considerations which suggest themselves are how much the ultimate success, or otherwise, of the League of Nations may affect our Army. Mechanization may in time bring about reforms that will cut out short non-skilled service. Dominion status for India is being talked about. If ever that becomes an accomplished fact, our Indian garrisons would be withdrawn, and the strength of the Army no

doubt considerably reduced. Whether this happens or not, a long service Army, which would be more in the nature of an Armed Police Force, might be formed for overseas service, and the Cardwell system of linked battalions dropped. The latter system is at present a subject of suggested reform in some quarters.

A home service Army, and Expeditionary Force, based on the existing Territorial Army, should be formed for Home Defence. The Territorials are already organized as a second line of defence for expansion in time of war. More intensive training would be necessary for men, but this should be arranged in conjunction with their civil employment.

These suggestions are offered with due deference for consideration and argument amongst men, with a desire to find a solution of a situation which is no credit to the nation or its elected representatives. Has this Parliament the courage to rise to the occasion, or will it continue, as its predecessors have done, to let men suffer as they do as a reward for years of devoted service to the State, in the Army, Navy, and Air Force?

The Yugoslav Dictatorship

By Politicus

DICTATORSHIPS are in reality merely a form of revolution. They are a means of escape from circumstances which threaten to become intolerable. Like revolutions they disturb peoples from their settled habits, overthrow traditions, and turn time-honoured institutions upside-down and inside-out. Like revolutions, too, they provoke reactions, which are sometimes more important and lasting than their immediate effects. For this reason it is impossible to judge of them until they belong to history.

Of the dictatorship established by King Alexander in Yugoslavia on January 6, 1929, it can be said that, though not unpopular at the start (few dictatorships are that), it was bound to become so, and thus forfeit the credit for any good which it might achieve. That has proved to be the case, and the question is now how long its growing unpopularity will allow it to survive.

The principal reason why it provokes hostility and criticism is that it is trying to reconcile two political conceptions which are mutually exclusive. The *raison d'être* of the *coup d'état* by which the King suspended both parliament and constitution out of hand, and made himself directly and personally responsible for every branch of the administration was the failure of parliamentary government to settle the dispute between the Serbs and the Croats. The cause of the dispute was, in the main, the desire of the former to maintain the highly centralized form of government to which they were accustomed, and of the latter for "Home Rule." The long struggle in the Belgrade parliament between the old Serbian parties, backed by the more or less mercenary aid of the Slovenes, and the parties which represented practically all the rest of the ex-Austro-Hungarian provinces had proved fairly conclusively that no compromise between the two ideals would be acceptable, and the final act, in which the Montenegrin gunman, Punisha Ratchitch, shot down half a dozen members of the Croat opposition in order to get rid of their obstruction, showed to what a pitch political passions had been roused.

To settle the dispute King Alexander was bound to disappoint either the Serbs or the Croats or both. Actually he has chosen the latter alternative. His solution for the quarrel between the two nationalities is to extinguish both, merging them in a new one of his own creation. Seeing that, in both countries, national feeling is intense, being based in each case on nearly a thousand years of history, his remedy is bound to be difficult and to provoke stubborn antagonism.

Another reason why the dictatorship should be particularly unpopular with the Serbs is their attachment to the forms of democracy. Throughout the 19th century they had to struggle not only against the Turk, but against the autocratic rule of a series of princes whose personal vagaries several times brought humiliation upon the country. These experiences convinced the Serbs that personal rule is a bad thing; they accepted the dictatorship with distrust from the first, in the conviction that, unless it were soon over, it would be disastrous for them. They see now clearly that it is not intended to be a short phase of transition; a minimum of five years has been mentioned unofficially for its probable duration, but if the programme which the King is said to have outlined for himself is to be completed, it must inevitably last much longer.

The King himself has indeed given few hints of how he intends to carry out his task. In his first proclamation on the establishment of the dictatorship he assured his subjects that his sole object was "to realize *in the shortest possible time* such institutions and such a system of government as would best serve the general needs of the nation and the interests of the state." It is from what has happened since these words were uttered that his intentions must be interpreted. No step has been taken in the year since the dictatorship was established to prepare the way for a new system. The Croats, who hailed the abolition of the Constitution of Vidovdan with delight, believed that they would be promptly granted "Home Rule." The Serbs hoped that the King would at once appoint a commission of jurists to draft a new constitution on lines indicated by himself. Neither of these expectations has been fulfilled. All that he has done towards providing a new system of government

has been to recast the framework of the administration, grouping the country in larger units and delegating part of the government's authority to provincial governors. This is a useful reform, but it does not go very far. Every inquiry as to when a new constitution might be expected has been answered by those who were in the best position to know the King's mind with a warning that parliamentary government would certainly not be restored until the old party spirit and racial jealousies had died out.

It is clear from these statements, as well as from a number of measures which have been taken since the establishment of the dictatorship, that King Alexander hopes to break down all the old party and racial distinctions as a preliminary condition for the new organization with which he proposes to endow the country. This intention can be traced in a number of the most important changes which have been made under the new regime. It was announced first of all in the decrees suppressing all institutions and political parties which might serve as vehicles for repositories of "tribal" thought or feeling. It comes out strongly again in the law for the reorganization of the administration. In this measure the official title of the State was changed from "Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes" to "Kingdom of Yugoslavia," and in the division of the country into provinces the historical boundaries and names of the old Kingdoms of Serbia, Montenegro and Croatia and of such traditional geographical units as Bosnia–Herzegovina and the Shumadija (Central Serbia) were deliberately set aside, the new *banats* being called for the most part after the names of rivers. Various other measures indicate a desire to give the government every possible means of normalizing thought and opinion and suppressing particularist tendencies. For example, the new education law restricts the scope for private and minority schools, and destroys most of the hold which the Church had upon the schools in Catholic districts, and an attempt has been made to increase the authority of the State over all churches. This effort has not met with complete success. The Orthodox Synod resisted stoutly the suggestion that all church property should be nationalized, and the proposal had to be

dropped. The suppression of the Cyrillic alphabet in Serbia was likewise tentatively mooted, but not proceeded with. Negotiations which are proceeding with the Vatican for a Concordat also aim at limiting as far as possible the prerogatives of the Catholic Church. The underlying purpose in each case is the same, namely, to destroy or weaken the influences which make one section of the population feel that it is different from another.

One very important step in this direction has been taken by the nationalization of the Sokols. These gymnastic societies, which were first copied by the Slovenes and Croats from the Czech model about 50 years ago, had begun to play a great part in moulding the thought and character of the younger generation all over the kingdom. They fostered a strong patriotic feeling, but in Slovenia and Croatia that patriotism was Slovene and Croat rather than Yugoslav. The King has now placed the whole organization under the control of the State and made the training compulsory for all boys and girls. This has been done in spite of strong resistance from the local leaders, who cherished their independence. The intention here is evidently to create an organization something like the Italian Fascisti, which can be used to mould the youth of the whole nation to one pattern, and eventually be made to penetrate every department of public life.

Clearly these measures can only have their full effect on the coming generation. What of the men of to-day? It must be admitted that the support which the King has obtained among the present leaders of political and intellectual life has been very limited. The dictatorship and its works find greatest acceptance among the commercial classes, which are satisfied with the material progress which the country has made in the past year. The treatment of economic problems by the Government has been more vigorous than under the parliamentary regime; the honesty and efficiency of the administration has improved and there is a speedier dispatch of public business. All this appeals to the man of affairs. But the political leaders for the most part still remain aloof. They have no opportunity of expressing their feelings in public, since both the Press and public meetings are kept

strictly under control, but in private communications they do not conceal their misgivings.

The men who compose the present Government were selected for the most part from a small group which for some time past had favoured a dictatorship as the only means of clearing up the political tangle and giving the country a fresh start. The realization of their theories has not brought this group many new recruits.

The Prime Minister, General Peter Jivkovitch, is a curious personage, half soldier and half courtier. Twenty-seven years ago, as a lieutenant of the Royal Guards, he threw in his lot with the conspirators who extinguished the Obrenovitch dynasty and brought in the Karageorgevitch. Since then his whole career has been passed at the Court. He has the manners of a courtier. On this account he is held in small esteem by the rest of the army. On the other hand he has a soldier's directness in going straight to the point, and his brutality in overcoming obstacles. His motto when anything goes wrong in a Government department or a municipal administration is "Sack the lot." It is he who is the incarnation of the dictatorship far more than the King himself, so much so that it is commonly believed that the King is a puppet in his hands. Against this popular theory must be set the impressions of all those who have had personal contact with King Alexander since he assumed autocratic powers. They all agree that, though the methods employed in handling the country under the present regime may be those of the General, the ideas themselves proceed certainly from the King.

Among the politicians in the cabinet are members of both the chief Serbian parties, viz., M. Marinkovitch for the Democrats, and MM. Sershkitch, Uzunovitch and Maximovitch for the Radicals. These men represent important groups in either party, but they do not carry anything like the majority of their party with them. Father Koroshetz, on the other hand, is completely representative of Catholic Slovenia, but the Slovenes will always support any Government which leaves them more or less to their own devices. Father Koroshetz, as a Catholic, is a unique exception in a cabinet which consists otherwise almost exclusively of Freemasons. Four portfolios have been granted to Croats; their

original holders were M. Shverluga, a leading Zagreb banker, M. Majuranitch, a highly cultivated lawyer and son of a well-known Croatian poet, M. Frangesh, an acknowledged authority on agriculture, and M. Drinkovitch. All these men were outside politics. M. Majuranitch's place has now been taken by M. Demetrovitch, one of a small group of the Independent Democrats (M. Pribitchevitch's party), who have definitely associated themselves with the dictatorship. He and his half-dozen friends are the only politicians whose support King Alexander has succeeded in attracting since he began his experiment. Persistent attempts have been made to win over the leaders of the old opposition. M. Pribitchevitch and M. Matchek (M. Raditch's successor as president of the Croat Peasant Party), but without any success. The sequel to their refusal to cooperate with the regime has been the arrest of M. Matchek on a charge of financing a revolutionary students' organization which is believed to have planned the murder of M. Schlegel, the editor of the Zagreb newspaper *Novosti* and a supporter of the dictatorship, and the close supervision of M. Pribitchevitch, who is under treatment in a Belgrade hospital, and who is allowed to see no one except the members of his family. Such is likely to be the fate of any active leader of opinion who does not throw in his lot with the Government. A leading Belgrade journalist has recently been compelled for similar reasons to give up his editor's chair. Minor political leaders, especially members of the Croat Peasant's Party, are constantly arrested on charges of plotting against the regime, detained for a week or so, and then released with a warning. The object of these methods is to make even passive opposition and private criticism such a risky business that everybody will be eventually compelled to range themselves, at least nominally, on the side of the dictatorship.

This course was followed last November by the heads of the Zagreb Municipality, who came to Belgrade and did formal homage to the regime. The example of Zagreb was followed by all the other Croat towns. This is the most important success which the dictatorship has as yet achieved. Its importance is somewhat diminished by the fact that since the municipal councils

are no longer elected they cannot be held to reflect quite accurately the views of the populations which they represent. Still, men like M. Srkulj and Dr. Rittig of Zagreb are representative men who are capable of directing opinion. Here again it must be remarked that the urban committees of Croatia represent the minority of political opinion in that province. The bulk of opinion in Croatia up to 1928 had enrolled itself in the Croat Peasants' Party under Stephen Raditch, and, in so far as there has been any loosening in the bond since Raditch's death and the dissolution of the Party, the gravitation of forces has not been towards such conservative nuclei as the Zagreb commercial and intellectual group, but rather towards the Left, where leadership and policy are both obscure.

It is rather surprising that the dictatorship has not succeeding in attracting wider and more definite sympathies, for its achievements, though not conspicuous, are impressive if carefully considered. It has put an end to a system which, by common consent, was not only corrupt, ineffective and humiliating to the country, but had succeeded in splitting it into two halves which were fast becoming more and more hostile to one another. The dictatorship has not healed the quarrel between Serb and Croat, but it has taken away some of its bitterness, and it is preparing a foundation for unity which did not exist before. One of the very first uses made of the suspension of parliament and of legislation by decree was to unify the codes of law and the system of taxation for the whole of the kingdom, a task which the Skupstchina had been unable to complete in seven years of work. This alone would be sufficient to justify the dictatorship. As yet the country has reaped little benefit from the change, but future generations will be grateful for it. The administration has improved considerably, thanks to the martinet methods of General Jivkovitch. Individual enterprise and honest endeavour has greater scope than under the parliamentary regime, when no progress could be made either in Government service or in private business except through the protection of one or other of the parties in power. The decentralization of authority under the new administra-

tive law gives the provinces an opportunity for individual development which should do something to satisfy Croat objections to the domination of Belgrade; it provides a system which should work quite satisfactorily provided the central government does not interfere too much with the provincial organs. Generally speaking, the opportunities for economic development are much more favourable and the encouragement given to foreign capital is beginning to be appreciated. Not the least service which the dictatorship has rendered has been to stabilize Yugoslavia's foreign relations, particularly with Greece and Bulgaria.

But the welding of the three branches of the race into one, the goal on which King Alexander seems to have staked everything, will be a matter of generations rather than years. Meanwhile the good points of the regime do not count sufficiently with the majority of the population to make up for the offence which it does to their feelings. The Serbs cannot bear to be deprived of their democratic institutions and the right to free speech; the Croats hate to see their nationality suppressed. Resentment against the dictatorship is steadily growing, and the Government is forced to stifle public opinion more and more in order to preserve for itself full liberty of action. At present the repression is not felt sufficiently acutely in the private lives of average citizens to produce a movement of revolt, but it seems likely that impatience of the disadvantages of the regime will develop more rapidly than a realization of its merits. For the moment its success in improving the material condition of the country is enhanced by the effect of last year's excellent harvest, which has revived business after a long period of depression, and brought with it visions of prosperity. These conditions make the people more tolerant, and strengthen the hands of the Government. If they continue for a period of years, all may be well. Unfortunately, agricultural countries have their ups and downs. If there is a setback in economic progress, the rulers will find it very hard to keep the nation in leading-strings. Then may follow the retreat, which it would be difficult to prevent from turning into a *débâcle*.

The Road to Ruin in China

By J. O. P. Bland

If, at the risk of wearying readers of The English Review, I return to the subject of China, and in particular to the Foreign Settlement at Shanghai, it is because the latest "liberal gesture" of the British Government in that direction threatens to aggravate the already grievous plight of the British merchant and, by exposing his business and property to the tender mercies of Chinese officialdom, to render his position untenable. This gesture was a remarkably quiet one, almost furtive, and has therefore attracted but little attention. The few brief notices that have appeared in the Press with regard to the agreement signed by H.M.'s representative at Nanking on February 17, for the reorganization of the Provisional Court at Shanghai, have been generally of a nature to convey the impression that the changes it introduces are comparatively unimportant, and subsidiary to the major problem of extra-territoriality. Such communiqués as have emanated from the Foreign Office are certainly calculated to create this impression. As a matter of demonstrable fact, however, this apparently innocuous document confers upon the Kuomintang clique which claims to be the Government of China, the opportunity they have long been seeking, to undermine the good order, and exploit the wealth, of the Foreign Settlement. In commenting upon the signature of this agreement, the correspondent of the *Times* at Shanghai (compelled for good reasons to walk warily) observed that "whether foreign interests will be imperilled by the new arrangements depends almost entirely upon the spirit in which they are carried out. Granted faith on the foreign side and goodwill on that of the Chinese, the agreement may prove quite workable." These "new arrangements," briefly summarized, have converted the provisional Mixed Court into a Chinese District Court and abolished all foreign control over its judicial decisions. The Municipal Council will still retain certain rights of "observation" on behalf of the foreign community, and the Police,

charged with the execution of the Court's orders, will be under a measure of supervision; but all local opinion is agreed that the agreement opens the door of the Settlement, hitherto so carefully guarded, to Mandarin methods of justice and finance, the results of which cannot fail to be disastrous.

Such being the case, it is pertinent to inquire what precisely are the results which the Government has so far achieved by its policy of conciliatory concessions to the Government at Nanking, and what reasonable ground there is for expecting an improvement in these results by adherence to this policy. To appreciate the insidious nature of the processes by which we have reached the present parlous condition of affairs, it is necessary to cast our minds back to the beginnings of this policy and the arguments originally adduced in its favour. In 1926, when the Cantonese leaders of the Kuomintang and their Russian confederates, encouraged by the impunity of their unprovoked attack upon the British Concession of Shameen, were openly proclaiming their intention of driving the English out of China, the Government found justification for tamely submitting to indignity on the ground that any other policy would have precipitated a scramble for predominance among the conflicting Powers, and thus led to the break-up of China. It preferred to turn the other cheek to the smiter and to make "encouraging gestures"—by discussing tariff autonomy and the abolition of Consular jurisdiction at Peking, and by sending a Commission to report on the best means of spending the Boxer Indemnity millions for China's benefit. Lord Willingdon, the head of this Commission, thought fit to make public confession of his faith in the doctrine of racial equality, thereby greatly encouraging Young China's Intellectuals and the irreconcilable elements behind them. Referring to this phase of the situation, I pointed out at the time (ENGLISH REVIEW, August, 1926) that

> Recognition of the theory of racial equality, as a basic formula, not only serves to gratify the vanity of the student class: skilfully used and developed, on lines similar to those pursued at Washington, it should serve to manœuvre the foreigner into a position wherein his extra-territorial privileges and self-governing Concessions must become logically indefensible. Let these be abolished, or even seriously modified, and the way stands clear for the political faction in power

to a land flowing with milk and honey, that is, to unfettered control not only of the Maritime Customs, but of the revenues and wealth of the foreign Settlements. It is a vision of booty rich enough to make every Tuchun's mouth water and to stimulate the patriotic eloquence of every political adventurer in the land.

The triumphant advance of the Nationalist forces to the Yangtze in the autumn of 1926 achieved its most impressive success when the British Concession at Hankow was ignominiously surrendered to a hostile mob. On December 18, Sir Austen Chamberlain further encouraged the chauvinist elements of the Kuomintang by his famous Memorandum, in which he expressed the sympathy of the Government for China's political aspirations and its readiness to negotiate on Treaty revision and other outstanding questions, including the retrocession of all Concessions and Settlements at the Treaty Ports. He justified this graceful concession in the House of Commons on the ground that

> our friendly policy will presently evoke an equally friendly response from a Chinese Government freed from foreign domination (*sic*) and thus enabled to devote itself to the single-minded service of the interests of the Chinese.

The Nationalists' idea of a friendly response was speedily demonstrated in the sacking and looting of the Europeans' quarters at Nanking, where six foreigners were murdered and the lives of others only saved by the timely aid of British and American war vessels. Unperturbed, the Foreign Office adhered to its conception of the Kuomintang politicians as a body of patriots nobly struggling to be free, and proceeded cheerfully on its path of patient conciliation. In July, 1927, the autocratic demands and irreconcilable attitude of the student body in China were further stimulated by the proceedings of the "Institute of Pacific Relations" Conference at Honolulu. The British delegates to this Conference (selected by Chatham House) were Mr. Henry Hodgkin, Secretary of the National Christian Council of China, and Sir Frederick Whyte, accompanied by Mr. Malcomb Macdonald as Secretary. Mr. Hodgkin's mischievous activities in support of the Bolshevist-Nationalist agitation for the immediate abolition of the "unequal Treaties" had already evoked severe criticism in China, by no means confined to the commercial communities at the Treaty

Ports. Sir Frederick Whyte gave evidence of similar tendencies by delivering an address to a large audience of Chinese at Shanghai, in which he fervently eulogized Gandhi's ideals of Indian nationalism and testified to his sympathy for Young China's aspirations. (Incidentally it may be observed that the preservation of Shanghai as a fit place for "highbrows" to lecture in at this time, was solely due to the presence of those military and naval forces which the British Cabinet, in a sudden lucid interval, had seen fit to dispatch for the protection of the "Model Settlement," immediately after the Nanking outrages.)

The dispatch of the Defence Force to Shanghai synchronized with the manifestation of a disposition in Parliament and the Press to recognize the fact that the surrender of the Hankow Concession had been a deplorable blunder of the first magnitude. Sir Austen Chamberlain went so far as to express doubts as to the advisability of further consideration of any immediate modification of the Treaty-Port system of Consular jurisdiction, and there were other signs of a growing distaste for further adventures in Liberalism in the Far East. Unfortunately, the reaction proved short-lived. The sentimental idealists were too strongly entrenched at the Foreign Office to be easily dislodged and their influence was speedily reasserted. Under the auspices of the Far Eastern group of Chatham House, Sir Frederick Whyte was sent out to China on an unofficial mission, for the purpose of effecting a *rapprochement* with the Southern Kuomintang leaders. In a series of articles published in the *Times*, which advocated sympathy and support for the Nationalists' political aspirations, he expounded the faith of the "F.O. school of thought" in the Nationalists and their cause, describing the Kuomintang as "the only hope now visible for the future of China." Sir Frederick Whyte (who has since become political adviser to the Government at Nanking) is a typical idealist; his only concern was with Young China's political activities. With the flagrant money-lust of the Kuomintang leaders and their tyrannous abuse of power, with the dumb misery to which the common people have been reduced by banditry, looting and rapacious taxation he was in no way concerned. His eulogy of the "New

China" merely served to obscure the fact, patent to all who faced it, that the real purpose of the leaders of the Kuomintang was to secure control of the Maritime Customs revenues, of the opium traffic, and the hoarded wealth of the Treaty Ports, especially Shanghai. Their pride of race, their *amour-propre*, was admittedly a factor in the situation, as it has always been; but the be-all and end-all of their politics was, and is, money.

The impunity accorded to the perpetrators of the Nanking outrages resulted, as was inevitable, in a marked increase of attacks against the persons and property of foreigners, in overt breaches of the existing Treaties, and in the unlimited taxation of trade, native and foreign. Summing up the lamentable record of 1929, a correspondent of the *Times* recently recorded the fact that eleven foreigners had been murdered during the year, all but one in the provinces under Nanking's control. Furthermore, he states that "unification in China is a figment. . . . Even in the provinces that Nanking claims to control, brigandage and Communism set authority at defiance, and within 60 miles of the capital, outlaws can clean out the well-to-do city of Liyang and get away scatheless, as they did in December."

Nevertheless, reassured by the reiterated expressions of British sympathy and goodwill, the Minister for Foreign Affairs at Nanking addressed a Note to the American, British and French Governments (April 27, 1929) demanding the early abolition of the extra-territorial system. He based this demand on the wholly unjustifiable assertion that

> with the unification of China and the establishment upon a firm foundation of the Nationalist Government, a new era has been happily inaugurated in the relations between our two countries through the conclusion of the new Tariff Treaty.

With equal audacity, he proceeded to observe that

> certain countries, having ceased to enjoy extra-territorial privileges in China, have found satisfaction in the protection given to their nationals by Chinese law and have had no cause for complaint that their interests have been in any way prejudiced.

Framed in consultation with the other Governments concerned, the British reply to this Note (August 10) gave evidence of a desire to call a halt to graceful

concessions and return to realities. It pointed out that

> the promulgation of Codes embodying western legal principles represents only one portion of the task to be accomplished before it would be safe to abandon in their entirety the special arrangements which have hitherto regulated the residence of foreigners in China.

After referring with refreshing frankness to the political influences and administrative abuses which prevent the existing Courts from administering equal justice, the Note concluded with the statement that

> so long as these conditions subsist, there appears to be no practical alternative to maintaining, though perhaps in a modified form, the Treaty Port system that has served for nearly a century to regulate intercourse between China and British subjects within her domain.

The American Government's reply conveyed the same decision in similar terms. Both Notes expressed the usual sympathy with China's political aspirations, tempered by definite insistence upon the maintenance of the *status quo* until such time as it can be safely relinquished, with due regard to the legitimate interests involved.

Notwithstanding the clear intimation thus conveyed, the Nanking Government proceeded, as if these Notes had never been written, to issue a Mandate at the end of the year, in which it summarily abolished all extra-territorial Treaty rights, as from January 1. This peremptory gesture may be accounted for in two ways. One, that it was made for face-saving purposes, and to increase the prestige of Chiang Kai-shek's unstable administration in the eyes of the rival factions. Two, that the Nanking Government was encouraged to make it by the fact that an impressive symposium of international idealists was visiting China and Japan at this juncture, to attend the Kyoto Conference of the "Institute of Pacific Relations." The astute politicians at Nanking could hardly fail to be reassured by this timely foregathering of sympathetic "highbrows," all convinced (regardless of a century's evidence to the contrary) that extra-territoriality is "wrong in principle," and therefore disapproved by all right-minded men.

Be this as it may, the leaders of the Kuomintang are aware of the impossibility of achieving their paramount purpose, viz., control of the taxable and plunderable wealth of Shanghai, by virtue of any Mandate in regard

to extra-territoriality, so long as the British Defence Force remains to protect the Settlement against the possibility of a *coup de main* in violation of Treaty rights; a sudden frontal assault, as in Hankow, is obviously out of the question. But they also know that there are more ways than one of killing a cat, and the recently concluded agreement in regard to the Provisional Court is evidence of the ingenuity with which they have applied that knowledge. The whole record of this Court, since the Chinese Government recovered a wide measure of control over it in 1926, has been so flagrantly conspicuous for perversions of justice and improper interference by the Nanking politicians with its judgments (notably in criminal cases), that the foreign community has every reason to regard with grave apprehension the new arrangements (provisionally sanctioned for three years) whereby the Consular deputies at the Court are abolished and the Municipal Council's representatives reduced to the position of observers. The experiment is only explicable, from the British point of view, upon the assumption that this friendly concession will evoke an equally friendly response, and that the Nanking Government may now be expected to demonstrate its good faith and alleged efficiency by such an administration of the Court as shall prove that they have adopted Western legal principles, not only in the letter but in the spirit. This assumption is, of course, utterly false, for the simple reason that it must require several generations before the Chinese mind can be educated to our conception of the meaning of the word "justice."

Meanwhile, it is pertinent to inquire what and where is the evidence of that goodwill on the part of the Chinese Government, without which the new arrangements of the Court are bound to produce increased friction and a general disorganization of the Municipal administration of the Settlement. What are the grounds for believing that the Nanking politicians will in future desist from their determined efforts to lay hands on the persons and property of wealthy Chinese residents, to levy toll on the native banks and guilds, and to bring pressure to bear on the foreign trader (as in the old Hong days at Canton) through his *compradore*, employees and native clients? Of any such good faith and goodwill on the part of the Nanking Government there has been absolutely no

evidence, other than eloquent professions of good intentions, since 1925. On the other hand, the instances of their bad faith and ill-will have been so frequent that public opinion in China now takes them for granted and expects nothing else. Space does not permit of any detailed recapitulation of the injuries and disabilities inflicted upon foreigners—missionaries, merchants and employees in the Chinese service—since 1926 or of the high-handed violation of the existing Treaties, for which the Nanking Government is responsible. It will suffice, for our present purposes, to cite two instances in which the facts are undeniable and the consequences far-reaching.

First, with regard to the taxation of trade, a matter vitally affecting such British interests as have survived the disintegrating processes of the last five years. Upon the signature of the new Tariff Autonomy Treaty (December 1928), the Nanking Minister for Foreign Affairs declared that henceforward all goods having paid the new Customs duties would be freed as soon as possible from *lekin*, native Customs dues and all other taxes on imported merchandise. The undertaking to abolish *lekin*, as from January 1, 1929, was specific and unconditional. What has actually occurred is that since then irregular and arbitrary taxes on trade have steadily increased, the rates at which they are levied by the central and local authorities being limited only by the capacity to pay.*

* The following figures, taken from a Chinese report of the taxation actually in force on goods carried by the P'ing Sui and Pei-Ning railway, are typical. They afford an instructive example of the benefits which the Powers have conferred upon China and upon foreign trade by conceding tariff autonomy to politicians who obviously intended to exploit, as they have exploited the abolition of the Indian opium trade, for their own ends.

"On the P'ing Sui and Pei-Ning railway," says this report, "the taxes on 20 tons of the necessities of life from Tientsin to the terminus come to more than $8,000. They are levied under various names; a military tax of 35 per cent. *ad valorem*, a station tax of 5 per cent., etc. etc. Their total amount is so heavy that railway traffic is falling off and the revenues of the line are seriously affected. On the P'ing Sui line, since 1926, the taxes on dates have been increased eight-fold; on other commodities, six and seven-fold; amongst articles in the lower categories, which have increased one or two hundred per cent., are earthenware, felt shoes, spirits and wheat. An increase of 800 per cent. in the space of three years is matter for serious alarm, both as regards trade and revenue."

All of which goes to show that, as already observed, money is the beginning and end of Chinese politics. Never has the "dominant morality" of the emancipated modern Mandarin demonstrated this fundamental truth so clearly as in the case of the Nanking Government's arbitrary proceedings to get possession of the rich estate of the late Sheng Kung-pao, a wealthy organizer of textile and shipping industry who died some 20 years ago. The indecent rapacity displayed by the high officials concerned in this case have outraged Chinese public opinion more than anything that has occurred in recent years; rather than be identified with it, three successive Presidents of the Provisional Court have resigned. But the plunderers are determined not to be baulked of their prey, even though their activities should provide the foreign community with the strongest of arguments against admitting a preponderant measure of Chinese control in the administration of the Settlement. On the contrary, since appetite comes with eating, the estate of the late General Chang Hsün (who attempted the restoration of the Monarchy in 1917) and that of the descendants of Confucius in Shantung have since been earmarked for confiscation.

It matters not whether it be the kidnapping of a sexagenarian missionary by marauding troops, the imprisonment of a German lady doctor for having failed to save the life of a patient, the arrest of the crew of a British-registered launch for causing loss of life in a collision, or persistent default in the repayment of railway loans, for which ample funds are available out of earnings—in every case, the paramount object is one and the same—money. The actual condition of China, as regards the relations of the Government to the governed, and the insecurity of life and property, has reverted in twenty years of chronic misrule to that which prevailed during the long-drawn terror of the Taiping rebellion. Nor can there be any prospect of relief for the grievously oppressed masses, so long as the civilized Powers profess to believe that a Government of, by, and for predatory politicians, only needs to be freed from the restraining influence of the extra-territorial system—the only thing which has preserved the country from complete chaos—in order to "devote itself to the single-minded service of the interests of the Chinese." The fact that Shanghai

is to-day the only centre of wealth and trade in China which has not been looted, the only efficiently administered city in the land, affords in itself a complete refutation of this professed belief and at the same time a sufficient explanation of the Nanking Government's eagerness to secure control of the Settlements.

How, then, shall we explain the fact that three successive British Governments have persisted in a policy towards China, which ignores all our experience during a century of intercourse with that country and which has signally failed to contribute anything towards the establishment of a stable Chinese Government? How, with the object lesson of Manchuria, peaceful and prosperous, to refute it, can persistence in this policy be justified? The answer lies in the prevalence of political idealism in high quarters, of that idealism which advocates elevating the masses in the East by virtue of democratic institutions, which professes its belief in racial equality, self-determination and all the pet delusions of the international doctrinaire, and persists in applying them with that cynical levity which Lord Lloyd has so justly denounced. It is the school of thought, described by the French as "defeatism," which displays its moral superiority by assuming in every difference with another country that England must be in the wrong and that the opponent is therefore entitled to sympathy and support. The influence of this type of denationalized idealism may be clearly traced, since the beginning of the century, in the wanton sacrifice of British interests at many a vital point, most notably in India, Egypt and Ireland. It is reflected in the present Government's patient endeavours to conciliate the irreconcilable hostility of the Soviets and in its readiness to scrap the British Navy as proof of "the faith that is in them."

Those who have studied the causes of the steady deterioration of our position and prestige in China are aware that the policy of patient conciliation pursued by successive Governments in recent years has been to a great extent inspired, and often initiated, by certain political idealists, whose opinions have carried far more weight in Downing Street than those of the British communities in the Far East. As matters stand to-day, it is not surprising that the Government, largely composed

of men without personal experience of Oriental races, should follow the facile path of graceful concessions, in view of the fact that their line of action, or inaction, is usually based upon the opinions of the F.O. school of thought, whereof the fountain head is Chatham House. To put the matter plainly—with Sir Frederick Whyte as adviser to the Government at Nanking, and Sir John Pratt as the chief authority on China at the F.O.; with that indefatigable and persuasive pacificator, Mr. Lionel Curtis, now directing his attention to Chinese affairs; and all the "liberalizing" influence of inveterate theorists, such as Sir Charles Addis and Professor Toynbee, in the background—a policy of lamentable surrenders was inevitable. The personnel of the delegation selected by Chatham House to represent Great Britain at the Kyoto Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations in itself sufficiently indicates the opinions now fashionable in the highest circles of academic politics. All things considered, therefore, the British merchant in China (whom the "highbrows" regard as an unfortunate anachronism) should perhaps be grateful that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has not yet seen fit to withdraw all our armed forces from Shanghai. As regards the immediate future, remembering Mr. Curtis's notable contributions to the cause of "dyarchy" in India and that of Dominion Home Rule in Ireland, it may fairly be predicted that the result of his present activities will be manifested in further concessions or compromises, all theoretically unimpeachable, but all in practice disastrous, for the reason that they will fail, as usual, to take into account the real objectives and the "dominant morality" of the Oriental politicians with whom he is dealing.

Marshal Foch: A Great Commander

By Major-General C. J. Grant, C.B., D.S.O.

A NUMBER of books about the Western Front in the war have been published in the last year or two. It is difficult to understand why there are so many people anxious to read them, for a new generation is growing up and one would have thought that the generation of the war would have preferred to forget the hardship and agony of that time. Many of these books tell of the personal experiences of their writers, as a rule in the trenches, or at what may be called the front, and they consist of diaries, letters, memoirs, biographies and novels. Some are apparently written to defend the cause of the authors, but of these books very few describe the great commanders. I think that a clear distinction should be made between the majority of war books in English and those by German, Russian or Austrian authors; and if these latter be true, let us thank Providence that we are English and that our ways in the army differ from those of our neighbours.

If we accept the statement that

> "the Gauls were not conquered by the Roman Legions, but by Cæsar . . . . . It was not the Macedonian Phalanx which penetrated to India, but Alexander. It was not the French army which reached the Weser and the Inn, it was Turenne. Prussia was not defended for seven years against the most formidable European Powers by the Prussian soldiers, but by Frederick the Great,"

and these are Napoleon's own words quoted by Marshal Foch in his "Principles of War," we must take an interest in any books which tell us something about the great Allied commanders.

Two books lately published, one in England and one in France, tell us a great deal about one of the great commanders of our generation, if not the greatest, Ferdinand Foch, Marshal of France and Field-Marshal in our army. We in England should be amongst the

first to accept his greatness, for he was proposed for the Allied Command in France by Lord Haig and Lord Milner in March 1918 ;: he was intimately connected with the battles of the British Army in the first battle of Ypres in 1914, as well as in 1915 and 1916; and he was in supreme command in the final victories of the war. We may take a legitimate pride in the fact that no better or more loyal troops served under him than the armies of the British Empire under Lord Haig.

Marshal Foch was known by reputation to many of us in the British Army before the war, and was always regarded later on with particular affection and honour; he was often in England and he loved our country; he has paid a noble tribute to Lord Haig in his preface he wrote for his published despatches, and he was the intimate friend of Sir Henry Wilson. It is stated on trustworthy authority that, as he was dying, he murmured to a friend that he was conscious of having served England as faithfully as if she had been his own country.

Sir George Aston, who was formerly an instructor at the Staff College and is a retired officer of great experience, has written a biography of Foch* but he devotes the greater part of his book to the events in the war. M. Recouly,† on the other hand, records a series of conversations with the Marshal which took place between 1919 and 1928 more or less twice a month; he is a practised writer and well-known public man, and had the great advantage of being a friend of his hero. In these conversations, which deal with a wide series of experiences, he claims that he has reproduced in his book the opinions of the Marshal "in his own words." It would be difficult for an Englishman to confirm or deny this, but in any case there is no doubt that the Marshal held the opinions attributed to him.

To understand his career we should remember that Foch was the author of two famous military books, "The Principles of War" and "The Conduct of War," and further that he had influenced generations of French

* The Biography of the late Marshal Foch. By Major-General Sir George Aston, K.C.B. Hutchinson, 24s.

† Marshal Foch. By R. Recouly. Thornton Butterworth, 12s. 6d.

officers for 25 years before 1914. Too young to fight in 1870–1, he was old enough to see the defeat of his country, the loss of Alsace and Lorraine, including the beloved Metz where his civil education had been completed, and the horrors of the Commune; and when he chose a career, he determined to serve his country as a soldier. If he had been born ten years later, he might have served in the many colonial campaigns during the expansion of the French colonies, but he was destined to spend his whole military life in the mother-country, and serve her in other ways.

At the age of 44 he was appointed lecturer in military history, strategy and applied tactics at the French Staff College, where he remained for six years. When he was given his new work, he was not satisfied with the instruction given before his day at the Staff College, and could not decide on how he meant to teach. So he went off at Easter to his own quiet home in Brittany to wrestle with the problems before him. When he could write no more, he used to wander through the woods, tearing away, in the irritation of the moment, the brambles in his path, until at last he found the answer, the answer indeed to that famous question with which he began every military conversation—*De quoi s'agit il?* "What is the problem?" During the time he was at the Staff College he delivered the series of lectures which were the foundation of his books.

The influence of his lectures and books was profound. His meaning is not always easy to understand, and in the light of the war it is probable that he modified some of his opinions. When, however, "The Principles of War" was republished in September 1918, he wrote a preface showing that he recognized "the development of the means by which the art of war is carried on: the industrial power of a nation which alone enables armies to attack or its weakness which induces them to defend." He refers to all the modern kinds of armament and makes no more than the modest claim that his work "may still help those who are called on to lead their men or simply anxious to reflect on the necessities of war."

It was natural that he should refer almost entirely

to war on the Continent of Europe, and his book did not attract much attention in England, where

> the objective study of war presents to the British soldier very different problems from those which confront the soldiers of any other country because the geographical and political conditions of the British Empire are unique . . . . . much as Clausewitz and Foch have to teach us, we find Clausewitz is thinking exclusively of war on the Continent, and Foch evidently wrote his book with his eyes upon the Eastern frontier of France. Neither mentions the sea. (p. 19, "British Strategy," by Sir F. Maurice, 1929).

The interest of Foch's book lies in the way the subjects are treated. He had written that the training of the French Army was faulty, but "1870 woke us out of that sleep"; the material side of war had been studied with care, the divine part had been forgotten, or "so loftily treated that it could neither be understood nor explained," and some went "so far as to admit the existence of mystical causes—the incomprehensible genius of Napoleon or even his luck" (p. 4, "The Principles of War," translated by H. Belloc, 1918). It is on the moral side of war that Foch lays such importance, and on the influence of the commander—"a battle won is a battle in which one will not confess oneself beaten" (p. 280, *ib.*). His study of war was purely objective: he examines the battles of the past, the actions of the commanders, all the particular circumstances of the case and the reasons for failure or success. He spared no one in his criticisms, French, German, or Austrian commanders; if they had failed, he shows why they did so, and the sentences he wrote on the leaders of the German armies and the work of their staff might have been written for their successors in 1914–18. "I wonder," as he said when dining with the mess of the British Mission at his headquarters in August 1918, "if Ludendorff knows his business—I don't think so."

In 1908 he was appointed by Clemenceau to be head of the Staff College and about this time he made the acquaintance of Sir Henry Wilson, then Commandant of our Staff College. His friendship with Sir Henry lasted all their lives. It is sad to think that Clemenceau, to whom he owed much, who had the courage to break with tradition in appointing Foch to high command, the man, who, at the head of the French Government in

1918, said, " I will fight before Paris, in Paris, behind Paris," when it was suggested the Government should leave, should have differed so profoundly from the Marshal after the war as M. Recouly describes in his book.

There is no need to write more about Foch's career. He had trained himself as well as others, and after 45 years of service in peace he was well prepared when he entered into the war, that domain of moral force. In a few weeks he was placed by the " infallible judgment " of Marshal Joffre in high command, and the faithful little band of staff officers known as " La famille Foch " began to collect round him. Amongst these was Lieut.-Colonel, afterwards General, Weygand, who wrote to me last year, " When I first went to the Marshal, it was my duty to do all that I could for victory, for he was victory incarnate, and then, when I knew him, I loved him, and it is natural to do all one can for someone one loves." His selection, also by " the infallible judgment " of Joffre, was a happy one, and future historians will do justice to the loyalty, tact, devotion, with which he served his master, to the consummate ability which he showed in every great position where Fate had sent him.

Marshal Foch could be severe, and even impatient with his " family " but, like General Weygand, when they knew him, they loved him. He had the power of impressing his will over them, and it is difficult for anyone who did not know him to realize the dominating force of the Marshal over all who worked under him, the fire and passion with which, in the simplest way, he swept away all the difficulties in his path. " He is the only one who never sees difficulties," as one of his staff said to me in April 1918, pointing to the door of his room. And it was a personal influence that he exercised, talking, walking in and out of their rooms, always ready to be seen, with a sure and certain mastery of his work. He was grateful to the " family " and never spared himself to help their interests. There was not one amongst them whom he did not know well and whose prospects he had not discussed with General Weygand, and though he was often criticized for having too small a staff, and told that he could not be sufficiently informed by them, his " family " never became very much bigger,

except that an administrative branch was formed in the autumn of 1918.

The Marshal disliked a large staff and apparently any form of military display or splendour. His headquarters were always placed in some small village or country house, away from a main road, and the work was done in an atmosphere of calm and order. He and General Weygand were often away, for he believed in seeing the commanders immediately under him, or indeed any commander whom he felt he could help by explaining his ideas or orders. For example, in the very first 24 hours of his command, he saw all the commanders on the Amiens front, in addition to statesmen and innumerable others, and in the evening, when he went to Paris to see his family, he could say, "I have seen what there was to see, done what there was to do; we can stop them, but pray to God that it is not too late." As all know, he was a fervent and devout Catholic and he could often be seen walking quietly to the village church and I like to think that there he might have been

> Appealing for his native sod
> In forma pauperis to God.

French ways are not our ways, and certainly French staff work differs very much from our own, as we seem to decentralize the work much more and leave the responsibility for details much more to officers who are comparatively junior. In addition there is much less formality between brother officers than there is amongst French officers of different ranks. But, however this may be, it always seemed to me that Marshal Foch had two distinct ways of commanding, one for the French Army and the other for the Allied Armies. With the latter he used extreme courtesy, generally issuing his orders with some such expression as "If you share my way of thinking, I would ask you to be good enough to inform me, etc.", but often the words "without delay" were added, and as I have noted, he attached great importance to personal interviews. He disliked conferences and only held two meetings of the Allied commanders, one in July 1918 to lay down the plans for the future, and one in the autumn to settle the terms of the Armistice.

But those who wish to learn more about the Allied Command should read the Marshal's own account in the "Two Battles of the Marne," or must wait until his memoirs are published. We believe these to have been completed, but, like Lord Haig, he was averse to their publication at the present time, and it is very doubtful if he would have approved of M. Recouly's book.

There is much, however, to be learnt in Sir George Aston's book, especially "through English eyes," as he is fond of writing, and in finding the Marshal's own opinions in M. Recouly's book, though we do not feel qualified to criticize the relations between Foch and Clemenceau which form so much of its contents. The most striking part to the military reader is that which deals with the victory which might have been won in 1917.

Marshal Foch will be held by all of the generation who lived in his time as the outstanding example of the great professional soldier. His previous life had been spent in the hope of serving his country in high command; his loyalty to Joffre and his superiors had saved him from the fate which overtook so many of the senior officers of the French army; his freedom from any form of political intrigue had made him trusted and respected by the statesmen of the Allied countries; and his loyalty to all who served under him, great or small, French, British, Belgian, or American, gave him their support and made his effective command possible.

As I have noted, he was profoundly devout and remained "Christ's faithful soldier and servant" to the end of his life. Who shall deny that from this, from his profound knowledge of his work, and his passionate belief of the dominance of the moral over the physical side of the art of war, he derived the strength to endure the burden of his command and to lead the Allied Armies on the Western Front to an overwhelming victory?

All Quiet on the Legal Front

By "Benthamite"

"There is no profession in the Empire so distressed with poverty and disappointment as the Bar." *Truth* (1928).

"I do not think the legal profession have any cause to fear changes in the law which diminish the cost of litigation. There is such a thing as killing the goose which lays the golden eggs. Moreover, law probably is like any other commodity for which there is, and must always be, a large demand. If the supply be made good and cheap, the demand is increased in a more than corresponding ratio."

SIR MACKENZIE CHALMERS (1880).

THESE two quotations point a moral that is of great importance both to the legal profession and to the general public.

Most solicitors and a few barristers do not depend on litigation for their living; there is always a great volume of legal work which is ordinarily independent of all courts of law. But most barristers and a big minority of solicitors try to earn their living in litigation, using the word in its widest meaning.

To-day there is more poverty and unemployment in the legal profession than in any other, save perhaps Art and the Stage. The volume of litigious work decreases heavily. At the time of writing, the number of High Court judges is reduced by one, but, as a resolution of Parliament is necessary to fill the vacancy, no appointment is likely. Practically all High Court judges are keeping hours in court that are considerably shorter than those prescribed by the Judges' Resolution of 1914. Appeals are being heard within a few weeks of the original trial. There is an atmosphere of leisure in the hearing of cases. In short, a quietness reigns on the front of litigation which means poverty to the legal profession.

If this meant that amid the public, lion and lamb were lying down quietly together, it would scarcely be a matter of general interest. But the real condition of affairs is that, while the public need for judicial decisions is as great as ever, the methods and expense of our courts of law are such that few but the very rich or the very poor can approach the courts. The present stagnation arises not from a lack of need for judicial decision, but from a growing conviction among might-be litigants that almost

any injustice is better than the uncertainties, delays and expense of our courts of law.

That this is so would be admitted by any solicitor in substantial practice. That stagnation reigns would be admitted by all barristers, save the few at the very top of the profession and those (to quote Lord Brampton's words) "stall-fed juniors who are born to briefs as the sparks fly upwards"; but very few barristers would admit that the explanation of present conditions lies in the methods of our courts of justice and of the legal profession.

Present conditions in the legal world are remarkably like conditions in the industrial world. On the one hand, vast unemployment among the workers and, on the other, a yearning for goods or commodities, the acquisition of which is barred by poverty. We are being told on all sides that rationalization is the remedy in the industrial world, and already there are signs of great progress in that direction. When will it dawn on the legal profession that in rationalization lies the remedy for their special troubles? Yet to-day, with a few notable exceptions, lawyers, whether judges, barristers or solicitors, are very conservative and complacent about everything that relates to the legal profession. They see the present scarcity in the land, but they seem to be convinced that the tide will turn and that better times will come. Industry is being shaken out of a similar inertia by rationalization. It is time that lawyers studied the rationalization of our legal methods.

Tremendous changes in our legal methods were made in the Victorian era, but to-day there is extraordinarily little thinking on these questions. Lawyers as a class have a very bad record in Law Reform. The great changes of the past were mostly carried through by a few progressive spirits in the teeth of much professional opposition. To-day there are very few progressive spirits in high legal circles, though Lord Sankey, our present Lord Chancellor, has much sympathy for the cause of Law Reform. To-day an almost unprecedented stagnation reigns. The machinery of justice is out of gear, but extraordinarily little attention is being given to the reasons why.

Even in the management of their own profession, our lawyers seem blind to the need for change. When coal-

miners found themselves in difficulties after the war, the first thing they did was to limit their numbers and, finally, Parliament severely restricted the recruiting of miners. But year by year, increasing numbers pour into the legal profession. In June last, the Law Society (the organization of the solicitors) reported the largest membership on record, and every year hundreds of men and women are called to the Bar by our four Inns of Court. Making liberal allowances for the large proportion of men and women who become barristers without intending to practice in England, the fact remains that year by year the Temple and Lincoln's Inn get more and more congested. More and more scholarships are awarded by sentimental people to facilitate the advent of young hopefuls into the legal profession. And among barristers and solicitors there is nobody in authority to watch whether numbers are not dangerously excessive. Wholesale education, regardless of the scope for the educated product to earn a living, is in accordance with the political ideas of the times. There seems, however, no reason why lawyers should not follow the example of miners and bricklayers, and restrict their numbers. Recruiting might well be severely limited for some years and barristers might well copy solicitors and make the obtaining of "Practising Certificates" (issued only after at least a year's working in approved chambers) a preliminary to the right to practise.

Such is the congestion among barristers to-day that even part of a room in chambers, where there is any substantial amount of work, is difficult to find. In olden days the fledgling usually had ample opportunities for "devilling," i.e. doing work in court for a senior barrister who usually pocketed the fee. To-day, even opportunities to work for nothing are envied. In 1912, Lord Gorell wrote: "I fancy that it is more difficult now to find opportunities for devilling than it was in my day [about 1874]." It is ten times more difficult now.

There is a serious public aspect to this question of excessive competition among lawyers. Swift made Gulliver thus describe English legal conditions to the Horse-King of the Houyhnhnms:

> The numerousness of those that dedicated themselves to this profession were such that the fair and justifiable advantage and income

of the profession was not sufficient for the decent and handsome maintenance of multitudes of those who followed it. Hence it came to pass that it was found needful to supply that, by artifice and cunning, which could not be procured by just and honest methods.

The point loses nothing by coming from a writer of two centuries ago. It is not a pleasant subject, but there is an underworld of the law that is as unattractive and as dangerous as any other underworld. It is only necessary to visualize a lawyer's temptations to see that a widespread inability among lawyers to make a living honestly is a real danger to the general public. Let so eminent a lawyer as Sir Frederick Pollock drive the point home: "The only professional abuse, short of actual malversation, which is both facile and frequent is that of encouraging speculative and unsubstantial claims for the sake of making costs." To this need only be added that encouraging a defence to a good claim is equally bad.

Apart from the question of numbers, each branch of the profession would do well to consider earnestly its own domestic conditions. Solicitors are hampered by rigid Acts of Parliament, but barristers are very largely free to introduce professional reforms. Everything which tends unnecessarily to prolong or to increase the expense of litigation should be examined and reformed. At present there is far too great a tendency to prolong and render as expensive as possible what litigation there is—with the result that there is very little litigation.

What are the main causes that discourage litigation? That question could only be answered adequately in a book. But a few of the principal deterrents can here be set out.

(1) Our rules of evidence necessitate big expenditure in proving facts which ought to be admitted. Other systems of law obviate much of this expenditure. Our whole system of evidence is based upon Trial by Jury, but, in fact, to-day only an insignificant number of County Court actions and a small proportion of High Court actions are tried by jury. The rules of court which provide for the simplifying of evidence are very seldom used, and no encouragement is given to any attempt to cheapen litigation by eliminating the formal proof of facts which ought to be, and at the hearing often turn out to be, undisputed.

(2) Our system gives immense scope for expensive skirmishings between the lawyers of the respective parties prior to the hearing of the case. These very seldom have any direct bearing upon the merits of the case, but enormously increase the cost of proceedings. In the Commercial Court they have been largely abolished by the enforcement of common sense, but elsewhere they abound.

(3) In all courts it is extremely uncertain when a case will be heard, so that parties, lawyers and witnesses have to loaf about for hours, and often for days, before their turn comes. This adds greatly to expense. It is a difficult question, but a greater consideration for the convenience of litigants would obviate much of this delay and expense.

(4) The legal profession insists upon many rules of professional etiquette which arbitrarily increase legal fees and proportionately restrict litigation. The most notorious of these self-imposed rules are those by which a King's Counsel must have a junior and that junior must have two-thirds of his leader's fee. All these rules help to pile up the cost of litigation unnecessarily.

(5) The cost of litigation is also increased by the method on which solicitors get remunerated. Lord Birkenhead has written that " the fundamental conception underlying the various rules applicable to costs is that they are the reward of services mainly of a clerical nature. Time spent in writing, in reading and other clerical operations finds its way into the bill, but time spent in thought does not." The result is that solicitors are tempted to pile up the clerical and routine work.

(6) Usually two, and sometimes four, appeals are possible. The original Judicature Act of 1873 laid down the principle of one appeal only, but this never came into operation. Facilities for appeals have enormously increased during the last fifty years, largely because the courts have voluntarily adopted the rule that the loser of the last appeal has to pay all the costs of all the hearings.

(7) The only way of getting the law expounded is by decisions in actions between parties. It is nobody's duty to clear up muddles and inconsistencies or to fill gaps. Thus the smallest case may be found to involve a new point of law and, when this happens, unlimited facilities for appeal are usually given, regardless of the values at stake or of the true interests of the parties.

These are the sort of points that might-be litigants (if they are wise) discuss with their solicitors before deciding to go to law. Every solicitor could tell some tale of litigation that was still-born because the layman was put off by these and kindred considerations. All these and similar difficulties are capable of being remedied. They have been largely solved in other systems of law.

Our present methods of litigation and the domestic rules of lawyers result in a drastic limitation in the volume of work that our courts have to do. This results in a denial of justice to vast numbers—and also in widespread poverty among lawyers. It is difficult to believe that the public will indefinitely put up with present conditions. But reform that comes from within is always better than changes enforced from without. Drastic changes that fit ill into the present scheme of things can only be avoided by a determination among lawyers to put their own house in order.

Lord Hewart, Lord Chief Justice of England, has recently published a book under the title "The New Despotism." The book is an important one, both because of the high office of its author and because of its subject. Lord Hewart has, quite rightly, refused to accept the idea that a judge is, to use his own words, "condemned to a lifelong and compulsory silence upon the affairs and the interests of the State." The country should be grateful to him for this book and for his criticism of an undesirable but growing tendency in public affairs. His theme is, in the words of his publishers, the exposure of "certain tendencies and methods which threaten to impair the reality of free institutions . . . Government departments secure to themselves power to make rules, orders and regulations without any real and effective control on the part of Parliament. They obtain for their orders the force of statutes, and prevent their decisions from being reviewed by the Courts of Law." The tendency has been developing for a generation at least.

Many are likely to be converted by Lord Hewart's book. But some are likely to wonder whether one of the fundamental causes of the present orgy of bureaucratic justice has not been, and is not now, the appalling expense, uncertainty and delay of proceedings in our ordinary courts of justice. Bureaucratic justice offends against our traditions and our instincts, but it has at least

the merits of cheapness and finality. Often a person aggrieved by some official action has to complain in writing to the Government department and he fairly quickly gets a decision that is final. Sometimes the law prescribes a formal inquiry by some inspector who reports to the Government department, and on that report a decision is given that is also final. In the first case the expenditure of the aggrieved person is a postage stamp and in the second also he need not incur serious expenditure, because in official inquiries it is quite usual for parties to appear in person and explain their own troubles. In both cases all the expense and uncertainty of appealing from one court to another are avoided.

This bureaucratic system of dispensing justice has serious drawbacks, but, so long as it can claim these virtues of cheapness, certainty and speed, no substantial limitations are likely to be put upon it. The defects of our courts of law are the opportunities of our Government departments, and our judges and lawyers are not likely to have transferred to them the vast field of bureaucratic justice until they set their own house in order.

Lord Hewart pours scorn upon the argument that the cost of litigation is any excuse for bureaucratic justice, but here he is not convincing. Like so many lawyers who are or have been radical reformers in politics, Lord Hewart is ultra conservative in all that relates to his own profession.

A hundred and two years ago that great law-reformer, Henry Brougham, held the House of Commons for six hours with a speech on the need for Law Reform. That speech set in motion vast changes which have been of immeasurable benefit to the public. Though no Henry Brougham of to-day can expect a six hours' audience, it is not too much to hope that before long some progressive spirit will copy Brougham and move a motion :

> That an humble address be presented to His Majesty, praying that he will graciously be pleased to issue a Commission for inquiring into the defects, occasioned by time or otherwise, in the laws of this realm as administered in the courts . . . and the remedies which may be expedient for the same.

Everyman and His Parrot

By Harold T. Wilkins

THE young nephew or niece who should to-day make a present of a parrot to his or her rich uncle or wealthy grand-aunt, must expect to have his or her motives suspect. For our own century of universally recognized scientific progress, evolutionary advancement and mechanical creations, betokening the coming of the millennium, is as censorious as our excellent and indispensable eighteenth century of prose and reason, and certainly more impressed by positives than negatives.

If some parrots in both hemispheres have misbehaved themselves and acquired the bacilli of psittacosis after a strenuous career of sewing avian wild oats, why, then, the whole tribe should be straightway condemned to the dissection room and the ultra-microscopist's peerings and probings. It is evidently better for the whole race of parrots, grey or coloured, to die than for one scoundrel, over forty, to perish in his prime and so bring gladness to the sardonic mind of George Bernard Shaw.

We know of no old birds' home for parrots; for did not Long John Silver say, "They lives for ever mostly, and if anybody's seen more wickedness, it must be the devil himself . . . . But you smelt powder, didn't you, Cap'n"? And the parrot would scream, "Stand by to go about."

"Stand by to go about" is the word! For, in the numerous genera and species laboriously catalogued by Cuvier, Buffon, or the old and blasé bone men of our excellent Natural History Museum, who have spent long lives torturing Greek and Latin to describe the penultimate phalanger and last process of some hapless bird, is there any other bird who has so added to the gaiety of nations? If there be, the writer will cheerfully undertake to adopt and maintain in full vigour of beak and claw any tattling poll parrot or screeching cockatoo who might otherwise be condemned to have his neck wrung or twisted on suspicion of "going sick" and meditating the sudden

death of an old grannam whose span of life, as Professor J. B. S. Haldane might say, has been unduly lengthened by reason of the fact that she has lived in an age of sanitation and vaccination instead of properly dying at forty, like the wife of one of Fielding's fox-hunting squires or Swift's men of quality.

True, we never heard that the screeches of parrots, up bright and early plundering the poor man's wheat-patch, saved the wattled cabins of Timbuktoo from the dawn assaults of the veiled people of the desert, or the glistening ebony-skinned tribes of the Beni-Nigerians. But what of that? Did not one of the race save from utter extinction by boredom the Speaker and half of the six hundred members of our House of Commons who woke up at the sudden flash of the Right Hon. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, " I am like the parrot. I think a good deal, but I don't say much "?

Shall we fear to have laid at our door the charge of *advocatus diaboli et psittacosis* when we listen to the accents of a bird who, though trusted with secrets of a Secretary of State, never blabbed in his beaker or whispered in his bird's bath? Nay, is not Mr. Stimson's " Old Soak " a League of Nations in himself? Not only does he speak Spanish, Chinese, English, American, but he can swear in them. Maybe he thinks guides worse than pirates of the Philippines, where they say he was brought up, for not otherwise can we account for their envious complaints that Old Soak's oaths have so drowned their voices and shocked visitors to the White House that they would quit right now, unless he were banished to the cellar among the crates of aerated.

Is he not also the darling of the men of the lawn sleeves, the starched bands and the mitre? Bishops, nevertheless, can have aroused no feelings of reverence in the breast of any parrot, whether he were brilliantly polled and poor talker, or slaty-grey and loquacious, which may account for his undoubted episcopal popularity in the palace at home.

Much one would give to know the name of the Bishop who had a swearing parrot whom he one day took from his perch and swung at the full length of his arm several times, " to teach him," as his lordship said,

"to leave off the horrid habit of cursing and swearing." The parrot seemed dazed for a second or two, then, recovering, he cocked his head, eyed the Bishop, and said, "There's a —— of a —— sea running again to-day, mate!"

This sea-cook of a parrot, who had learnt to swear sitting on the lid of Davy Jones's locker, must have been a collateral descendant of that once saintly parrot, whose infamous backslidings from grace caused Gresset of Amiens to be thrust out into the wide world from a school whose ghostly fathers thought that unlimited penance and much fasting could hardly atone for the light verses of *Vert-Vert*. The douce and debonair bird from India's woods and coral strands who, saintly albeit he was, disdained not to joke with the adoring nuns of a convent at Nevers, fell on an evil hour when the fame of his discreet piety and badinage reached the fold and ears of certain reverend mothers at Nantes.

All agog to see and hear such a charming and edifying bird, the reverend sisters wrote a clamant letter imploring that *Vert-Vert* be forthwith sent by boat down the Loire to the seaport at its mouth. But, *mon Dieu!*—twelve long days to wait for an answer to their petition! It was a century! The agitated sisters, consumed with a not unearthly impatience, wrote letter after letter, without waiting for a reply. Nobody in the nunnery at Nantes could sleep a wink, waiting for the parrot. Sister Rosalie nearly died! For

> A girl's desire is a devouring fire,
> But a nun's desire the good God would tire!

The letter reached Nevers, and a grand conclave immediately met to debate the audacious petition. Some were for rejecting it summarily, others were afraid lest such a refusal might embroil them with the sisters of Nantes convent. A cross-current of contradictory impulses and feelings raged and beat against the bosoms of the seraphic sisterhood of Nevers. All spoke at the same time in this all-female Parliament. Mother Seraphina paled thrice, sighed four times, shuddered, swooned, even lost her voice, if one may believe it. For, look you, here was a parrot, very well bred, with an accent and

manner quite free from the failings of those arrogant "Polls" we see to-day, who,

> By worldly mouths prompted, are fully aware
> Of the wiles and conceits of the Vanity Fair.

Nay, sisters, *Vert-Vert's* beautiful soul was lapped with innocence, white and soft as the cotton-wool swathing the trinkets of some poor, faded maiden lady whose mid-Victorian lover could never be brought quite to the matrimonial scratch.

> He'd no notion of evil, and by that token,
> Ne'er a naughty word had he spoken.
> But, *en revanche*, some Canticles he knew,
> Some orisons, some mystic Colloquies, look you.
> He could say well his *Benedicite*,
> And *notre mère*, and *votre Charité* . . .

Yet, though the day be never so long, at last the bells ring to evensong. Full of forebodings, the nuns of Nevers gave way and consigned *Vert-Vert* to be transported by river. The fatal day arrived; each sister moaned like a turtle-dove, and rained on the saintly bird kisses thick as those that fell on any crucifix in any convent of eighteenth-century France. A procession of weeping nuns, waving tear-soaked kerchiefs and veiled in wimples, saw him off on the quay.

"*Ave*, ma soeur!" said he demurely to sister Celestine, with difficulty rescuing his ruffled neck-feathers from her heaving osculations. To the grave Mother Superior he simply said, *Benedicite*.

Now, with a leer of the eye and wink to the passengers, the boatmen cast off the ropes and poled the barge out into midstream. *Vert-Vert* had begun his grand tour. Aboard this boat, so light, vagrant and audacious, were passengers by no means so decorous and monastic as befitted the society of the heavenly parrot, whose chromatic memories of tropic days and warm, scented nights by the banks of Indian rivers had long since faded under the greyer lights and colder shades of northern climes. Besides a number of nymphs of the town and taverns of Nevers, were several viragoes, possessing not the most refined of conversational powers, a nurse, a monk, two Gascons, and a crew of hard-swearing boatmen, who beguiled their hard paddlings,

when the wind was dead ahead, with impromptu ballads and a rather free use of God-riming, inland shanties, which would have warmed the hearts of any capstan-men of any gold ship " blowing bullies-oh ! to Californey-oh ! " on the quays of Wapping and Shadwell, in the 1860's. Certes, they spoke words none of the most Christian !

No gospel texts were quoted mild,
Nor pious words from pious lips;
No silent prayers, no Bible chips,
With which our vestals their hours beguil'd.

The viragoes toasted St. Bacchus in the tones loud and lewd with which, as his reverence Dean Swift tells us, the fish-wife of old Thames used to bawl to men of early Augustan age standing with their faces to the wall by the silvery Thames of Canaletto. Then, the Gascons and three of the rudest hussies broke into a song which caused the swans to dive violently to the bottom of the green waters of the Loire, and the rooks to caw aloud from the tops of the stag-headed oaks in the riverine woods. Louder still the boatmen swore, nay,

Their voices, toned virile, vigorous and firm,
Uttered without fail the full force of a term.

Amid all this uproar, what could our holy *Vert-Vert* do save hang his head, pensive and sad, knowing neither what to think or say? But his undoing was at hand !

A certain friar Lubin, in tones but little monastic, stepped up and spoke to the charming bird, " Why so melancholy, little brother? "

The bird, with all the benignity that his ineffable upbringing had bestowed, sighed gently, while the gaping crowd awaited his answer.

" *Ave*, my sister ! " he said, a little inconsequentially, it must be owned.

Sapr-r-r-risti ! Such a roar of loud guffaws, such a cackle of cachinnations burst on the air, such screams from virago pipes, such treble squalls from wet nurses and tavern jades, such slapping of horny hands on gasping, howling boatmen's leathern breeks, that the master of the boat was fain to come running aft and shout : " A hundred thousand thunders, you sons of female pigs ! Hold, you seacooks, or the boat will founder if you let go your bloodied oars in this accursed manner ! "

His words went to the winds, drowned by shrill screams of *Aves!* from female pipes. "Thousand devils' pipes" and "od-dogs' bodies" from manly voices mouthed and mocked at the poor bird, until he began to wonder if he might not have made a hash of the instruction imparted to him with such care by the sisters of Nevers. Then, his parrot soul took fire, fanned by the blast of withering contempt, and the mockery of the tavern ladies blew him into a flame, when,

> Losing his patience in a trice,
> *Vert-Vert's* innocence paid the price.

Still, he uttered nothing, but deep in his ingrate's soul he cursed those sisters, once so dear, who had clearly never known how to teach him the best and finest French in all its brilliance and expressiveness. He straightway dumped overboard all the blessed words whose knowledge he had once so prized, and in two days more—

> To curse and swear he'd learnt double quick,
> He beat the old devil at the holy water trick!

He gave the lie to those maxims profound—

> You all know them—they say that we ne'er, at a bound,
> Attain to great crimes, though we may by degrees.

Yet, if his morals weakened, his memory did not! In one day he became past-master of all the profane jargon used by the boatmen of the Loire, from Nevers to old Nantes, not to say in between. Did one of 'em rap out *dam*, *Vert-Vert* capped it with *nation*.

And in all these grey days what were you doing in your cloistered closes, chaste sisters of Nevers?

> Doubtless, alas, you had knelt in devotion,
> To speed o'er the water this fine ingrate's motion—

this ingrate, who now esteems your affection no better than a pill or a potion.

At last the boat arrived at the wharf of Nantes and the folk disembarked, after waiting some time to see who would call for the backslider-bird. Then the crew handed over *Vert-Vert* to a nun all veiled and wimpled, who had been sitting by the wharf-side ever since the convent of Nantes had written the first fateful letter to

their sisters of Nevers. The watching nymphs and Gascons saw *Vert-Vert* open his cunning eyes, with a backslider's glance, and fix them on the cross at the nun's breast.

From his ingrate's soul he loathed the sound of her dying voice and sighs, and shut his eyes in disgust at the sight of the white folds of her big coif and voluminous wimple, and her white gloves. More, he opened his eyes quickly, spoke out and consigned her to the devil like any soldier bold, fresh from the Spanish wars. He raved and blasphemed aloud as he was led away from the dear nymphs and tavern termagants with whom he would cheerfully have departed.

On the road to the convent he pecked her most viciously, and well for her that the bacillus of psittacosis had not then emerged into the ken of the peering microscopist! The bitten vestal lugged him, protesting furiously, through the gate:

> Hark, the convent bell rings!
> The nuns run—they have wings!
> "It is *He*, my sister. In the parlour, I vow,"
> They rush to see him, in a crowd, anyhow.

The convent buzzed like a hive of bees in midsummer, and the better to express their admiration of his charms, they spoke altogether, at once, to this naughty bird rolling his eyes like a rakish young friar of the middle ages of Dan Chaucer.

Yet, despite the strongest temptations to express his sentiments, he kept silence, until the Mother Superior gently pushed through the fluttering, agitated crowd to speak a word to the libertine parrot. Thereupon he bethought himself to troll forth some of the wicked words he had learnt from those boatmen of the foul fiend. The reverend Mother bent her head graciously to listen to the nice things *Vert-Vert* doubtless had to say concerning his first impressions of this holiday home.

Rolling his eyes, he rapped out "*Par la corbleu—hee, hee*, these nuns are mad!" Right and left he rained verbal blows on coifed sconces.

"But what a sinner, my Mother!" gasped a shocked sister with whitened lips.

The rakish bird flew at her head, with "A plague

take thee, too!" Such a racket of nuns trying to stop the mouth of this rascal bird! He gave each a thrust in her turn:

> He gaped at young prudes, and he sneered,
> Their angry babble mocked,
> And the snuffling sermons jeered,
> Of the ancient scolds soon shocked.

He let off more steam, so to say of a less mechanical age. Then, in the tone of a corsair:

> Sick and tired of their insipid chatter,
> Swoll'n with rage with the passions that shatter,
> He did all those terrible words intone
> That mariners use when by raging winds blown,
> He swore and he curs'd in a profligate voice,
> Before them he conjur'd all hell in a trice . . .

The youngest sisters thought he spoke Greek; others fled, too horrified to screech; the oldest vestals criticized the quality of the education of a parrot at Nevers nunnery. The upshot was that our dear *Vert-Vert* was shoved into a cage—by the conventual washerwoman—and measures for his prompt return decided:

> This scandalous pilgrim forthwith they are hiking,
> But, indeed, to say truth, this is quite to his liking.

Back to the boat and his first monastic home went *Vert-Vert*, where a similar scene was enacted for the benefit of sisters who had been nowise backward of accusing nuns of Nantes of that envy which defames what it can never hope to possess. A conclave, here, is called, which first dooms him to death, and then reprieves him to fasting and solitary confinement in a cell. There he sinks into a melancholy which not even blanched almonds, surreptitiously slipped into his cage by tender-hearted sister Rosalie, can assuage.

But at last he comes to contrition—the boatmen, Friar Lubin, the Gascons, the nymphs and the viragoes are now a dead letter.

> The dortours all joyful are blooming with flowers,
> In this tumult so pleasant his freedom's complete,
> For all is expressing an ardour most charming,
> No thought of woes nigh are the dear nuns alarming.

They stuffed him with comfits, they burned him with cordials, till he fell dead on a heap of sugar-plums: "his blush roses paled to black cypress's frowns."

EVERYMAN AND HIS PARROT

It may be there are those who still doubt a parrot's sense of appreciation of the humours of a situation. They clearly never had the felicity of an acquaintance with the major-general's parrot, who, though of Indian origin, never enjoyed the advantages of *Vert-Vert*, and yet his language would by no means have disgraced the teaching of the boatmen of the Loire, or his reverence, Friar Lubin. This choleric military gentleman who would swear at the most venerable "Jeames," one day called on the gardener to retrieve the parrot who had flown to the top of the house. The gardener climbed up and stretched out his hand to grab the parrot, when that bird rapped out a mighty oath in the very tones of his master, "Damn your eyes, sir! Get down at once!" The outstretched hand was hastily withdrawn, and the gardener saluted, "Beg pardon, sir, I thought yer was a bird!"

There is the banker's parrot by adoption. He promised to look after a customer's parrot during her absence at the seaside. A few afternoons later the bird was sitting on a chair in the banker's private office, when an important elderly lady customer called. The banker was hard put to it to find an explanation satisfactory to the lady and convincing to the discreetly listening clerks, for the first words the parrot uttered, after a long silence, were, "Oh, you saucy old puss! I saw you kiss him."

This parrot was the gay and debonair father of my friend's great-aunt's parrot, "Solly," which escaped from its cage and flew into the next garden, and so into the street. The old lady went out to see if she could find the bird, when she was surprised to see a man carrying the pet. She asked him to hand the bird over, but he swore the bird was his, until the parrot could stand it no longer and settled the dispute by shouting out, "Hullo, Liz, and how *are* you!"

If, however, you are of a grave humour and like a fine serious companion, who may impress a publisher in favour of the merits of a MS. of original genius, then I would counsel you to imitate a lady of my acquaintance, of whom the publisher said, "She is rather eccentric.

She came into my office with a parrot on her shoulder. Oh, yes, I took her manuscript."

Another useful variety of parrot is he who, at the London Zoo, shams "death" at the word of his keeper. He is the type of parrot whom all efficient and considerate burglars would desire to see installed in the establishments of old ladies and gentlemen where they keep chests stuffed to the top with real Queen Anne silver and genuine Georgian antiques, to be sold to the first American by hungry heirs. At the whispered word of command of the cracksman, under the light of the electric torch, that parrot would lie prone in his cage and not with raucous cries rouse the pampered Pekinese from his slumbers on the plush seat in the best room. Thereby would our suffering leader-writers be saved the eternal pain of having to deplore the fact that yet another unique antique has left these shores for America.

Then there is the actor's parrot, such as "Sophonisba," who helps Mr. Robert Loraine to earn a good salary on the stage of the Strand Theatre, while the ambassador's parrot "Polly," at the "Cheshire Cheese," used to draw corks and tell the world's Prime Ministers she wanted "Scotch." Not for worlds, moreover, would we omit mention of the parrot of Mrs. Jenkins, wife of Cap'n Thos. Jenkins of the bark *Kathleen*, of New Bedford, in the year 1902, when the ship was sent to the bottom off Barbadoes by a bull whale which charged into and rammed the *Kathleen's* hull. A member of the crew was sent down below to find and bring on deck the parrot, who was a "good talker." When he grabbed the parrot from his perch on top of Cap'n Jenkins's sea chest, the shellback said the parrot spoke loudly and digustedly, "D'ye call this 'ere whale catching? I'll be —— if ever I go to sea on a whaler again." He was promptly silenced against Mrs. Jenkins's capacious bosom.

An Idyll of Pusey Terrace

By Helen Parry Eden

To Emily Bing, Pusey Terrace was "Pussy" Terrace—"Pussy" pronounced as though its "u" were a double "o" and with two very sibilant "s's." In this misreading there was every excuse for Emily; for you would naturally expect an Oxford landlady to know more about cats than theologians; moreover, Pusey Terrace teemed with cats, and it would have taken an expert in civic and ecclesiastical history to fathom its connection with Pusey. The terrace belonged very plainly to an era before the Oxford Movement. I should not put it so early as Georgian or so late as Early Victorian, but assign it to the inconspicuous reign of the Fourth William, at a period when the fustiness of his successor was just beginning to invade the dignity of his forerunner. It was a stone terrace, but the garden walls at the back were brick; and in the rear of these gardens ran a lane of derelict mews and builders' sheds up which well-disciplined undergraduates pushed the bicycles denied (by an autocracy of landladies) the front door. Almost every garden in Pusey Terrace had its bicycle shed, and almost every shed stabled the bicycles of undergraduates. Almost every garden, too, had its indigenous cat or cats; and these, of course, visited each other's lodgings and landladies like the curates in "Shirley," only even more intensively. Some landladies welcomed their favourites' acquaintances, some did not. Of the former class, supreme and unique in her hospitality, was Emily Bing.

Emily Bing was a Lancashire woman, ascended by hardworking degrees of domestic service and school matronhood to the pinnacle of University lodging-house ownership. Tall, dark, with the sallow but vivacious face of a Meg Merrilees turned Reverend Mother, Emily's eyes were pure gipsy, while her heavy, patient mouth and chin had something prelatical about them. As a landlady, she was one in a thousand. She humoured her gentlemen but kept them as far as possible out of mischief.

Their mothers liked her—had reason, indeed, to love her; and both mothers and sons ministered to Emily's foibles, laughing perhaps—you could not help laughing—while they did so. For Emily had three foibles, amiable weaknesses of a strong and solitary nature. The first was finery, matron's finery, nothing unsuited to her years, the fifties: cast-off silk petticoats that, though slit here and there, still rustled; "bodices" of prosperous dark-grained satin; and cloaks—above all a cloak, frayed it might be like an old pall, but still rich, ceremonious, impressive. An undergraduate with a mother or grandmother old enough to minister to Emily's taste in funereal clothing, would have the time of his life in her back parlour watching her adapt the jetsam to her needs. He might even be allowed to offer, without levity, a sartorial opinion. Here, too, in that shady sanctum, all whose light seemed to filter sombre and sub-aqueous through ivy, the gentlemen of the day would share Emily's second preoccupation, the future of her niece. This was another Emily, destined by her ambitious aunt for an academic career in Oxford itself. Emily Senior was known to be saving up for Emily Junior. The men chaffed her about it when their "extras," honestly computed, mounted up. They collaborated, too, in filling what began as a bottom drawer and ended as a garretful of miscellaneous offerings for the same interesting purpose. Everything the future undergraduette might need and the present undergraduate did not, from an old hockey stick to a new manicure set, was stored in the attic; with books for every academic course from Greats to Forestry. For no one knew exactly what Young Emily's bent was. It was early to say. Only she was as clever at her books as you might be yourself—there was nothing she couldn't turn her mind to. But Emily Junior was still at school somewhere Oldham way and her aunt's affections needed some present objective. That was where the cats came in, and cats, I confess, were the strongest of Emily's three passions.

For an impressive number of years, considering the normal rate of cat mortality, Emily had owned three notable cats of her own—two tabby toms and a white

one. The tabbies, known as Gilbert and Sullivan—Emily was more than content to leave nomenclature to her gentlemen—were almost indistinguishable apart; but Sullivan's ground-tint was slightly the sandier of the two. Both were well-marked, slim animals with a dash of Persian in their long fur and elusive manners. The white cat, John Henry, was a heavy, hard-bitten short-coated creature who divided his nights and days between desperate fighting and unadulterated domesticity. Emily was worried about John Henry's name. He had been christened "for" Cardinal Newman by an Evangelical divinity student, who professed himself thoroughly and unequivocally shocked when Emily inadvertently called the cat John Willie. Yet there *was* a John Willie just as famous in his way as John Henry—though for what exploits Emily could not rightly recall. In any case the cat answered to either name when he did answer, which (for he was an affectionate animal) was whenever he was within earshot and unengaged in combat.

With three feline satellites revolving immediately round her, her gentlemen to mind in term, and occasional visits from Emily Junior in vacation, you would imagine Emily Senior's world an adequately full one. But in this conjecture you would have overlooked something predatory in her affections which, while it obviously could not hope to engross other people's gentlemen or other people's nieces, could and did undermine the devotion of other people's cats. It was a theme of bitter comment with the landladies of Pusey Terrace—and not only with landladies but with householders less academically distinguished—that you could not keep your cat on the premises. Cats will gad, we know, but in normal circumstances they return as a rule to meals. Some cats even surpass the modern servant-maid in their capacity for "sleeping-in." But the cats of Pusey Terrace ignored the common decencies of domestic affection. They frequented Emily's open table; they stayed on and caught Emily's mice; Emily's (at Number Seventy) was a veritable court of cats. And there she reigned, like Gloriana among her buccaneers, in defiance of an envious and inimicable world.

What, that world wondered, was Emily's secret? It

could not be the great clumps of Cats' Valerian on Emily's garden wall, for these only appeared to embellish and confirm her sovereignty; they did not inaugurate it. One of Emily's gentlemen was responsible for the valerian, a certain John Green of Woods and Forests fame. A shyish, hard-working youth, son of a rock-gardening mother too young to play benefactress to Emily's wardrobe, Green was an unsurpassed ally in the matter of the cats. It was he who suggested the chiselling of crevices in the garden wall, the cunning insertion of lime and mortar rubble from the builder over the way and the sowing of valerian seed. It was he, in his last term, who stood laughing with the gravely exultant Emily, over a wall embowered like a Cornish breakwater in glaucous leaves and blossoms of pink and white, a wall seldom or never without its feline connoisseurs.

"But we haven't got the ginger one yet, Mr. Green, my dear," lamented Emily, "the ginger at Number Six. There isn't a cat in the terrace like him and why he never comes with the others it passes me to think."

"Oh, you mean the marmalade cat at Miss Van Houtt's," said Green the first time this grievance was broached. "Well, we'll get him along all in good time. Cheer up, Miss Bing. Sing out when you see him down the lane—he was only three doors or so off yesterday. 'Cooper's' his name, after the marmalade you know. You've only got to call 'Cooper' and he'll come trotting up. Only I should keep him out of old John Henry's way. It would be a pity if he got his ears torn."

Emily shook her head unhopefully. She was never one to make mischief; so she refrained from telling Mr. Green what she thought of that Eton-cropped American Miss Van Houtt and all her works. Especially, and with difficulty, did she refrain from giving her opinion of a woman who could call a cat after a marmalade manufacturer. Yet to how many of Emily's gentlemen would the name "Cooper" bring back, all their lives, the jonquil smell of boiling orange-peel in the factory by the station —a smell immemorially associated with Oxonian hails and farewells. Had Emily been used to meeting her gentlemen's trains and seeing them off, she would doubtless have appreciated the local poetry of the yellow cat's

title. But to Emily, whose welcomes and goodbyes were a sort of mutilated curtsy executed on her own doorstep, "Cooper" was no more than a label on a jar, and its transference to a noble and dignified cat a piece of American vulgarity.

The autumn following the departure of Mr. Green was memorable for a deliberate series of Emilian onslaughts on the marmalade cat's affections. "Put out," and, if the truth were known, more intimately wounded by the loss of her favourite gentleman, Emily beguiled her sense of loss by a veritable campaign against "Cooper." She did not neglect her three men—it was not in her to take guerdon for services unperformed or meagrely rendered. She consoled herself with John Green's promise that his first leave should see him at Number Seventy. "And if you succeed in stalking old 'Cooper' in the meantime, Miss Bing, mind you let me know." Green's photograph in semi-tropical kit companioned Emily Junior's on her parlour mantelpiece, both smiling down in their nonchalant young way on the well-known litter of half-converted garments on the table. But somehow the garments lay about longer than usual—their legatee had small heart for renovations. To add to her troubles her niece was known to be coquetting in a wholly unscholastic fashion with a young farmer up Oldham way. Even the return of her "lad"—as her secret heart knew Green—was a remote and undependable contingency. "Cooper," on the other hand, was continually on the verge of present. And all his admirer's widowed blandishments were expended to make him actually so.

Yet the marmalade cat remained aloof. Number Six, after all, was a long way away from Number Seventy, and it seemed as though "Cooper" had a beat of his own outside which he seldom strayed. During the day Emily rarely sighted him; though she condescended to fraternize with his owner's "daily help," a depressed and rheumy matron who warmed to and surpassed herself on the theme of the ginger tom. From dialogues in the fish-shop queue with this Mrs. Shuff, Emily learnt to despair of approaching the cat by normal strategy. Apparently there was nothing he liked particularly to eat—he was not "choice." He never strayed; and though he went

out every night earlyish, his lady always found him curled up on a cushion in her bedroom by ten o'clock.

To Emily, whose statutory vigil every evening in term-time extended to midnight, this was disquieting news. Night after night she must sit up in her little back-parlour, waiting for her gentlemen whose time limit was twelve. Night after night she brooded in a sort of twilight dishabille of petticoat and dressing-gown while the cats slipped in and out by the back door and the gentlemen by the front. John Green in his Cyprian forests used to recall the picture: Emily's lamp set in a clearing on her table; Emily's basket-chair drawn up beside it; Emily in an old dressing-gown, once purple quilted silk, now, like a relic of some Babylonish excavation, disintegrating visibly in the modern air. Ever again as the night wore on she would move quietly to the back place to put on cocoa or milk for her gentlemen. Ever and again John Henry or Gilbert or Sullivan—or Sandy from Number Thirty or Bismarck from Sixty-Four—would rise from the hearth-run or run in from the garden to barge against her ankles. Ever and again she would muffle herself still further in a shawl and step out into the moonlit garden, silently scanning the dreaming walls for the silhouette that never adorned them. For there was never a sign of the marmalade cat at night. Only as she passed Number Six in the day he would be visible in all his magnificent ginger opulence, sunning himself between two Lowestoft bulb-bowls in the rich American's chintz-hung window.

Thus in faint hopes and frustrated expectations, mitigated by honest work and a round of obscure charities, passed the two first years of Green's absence. During the third, troubles multiplied on his old landlady and rumours of them, conveyed in a painstaking hand under the heading, "—in account with Miss E. Bing," reached even to Cyprus. Emily Junior was shortly to be married and the treasures of the garret were being dispersed one by one to deserving students known to Emily's present gentlemen. Gilbert and Sullivan were in the best of health, but John Henry was troubled with mange. Bismarck, at Sixty-Four, had been poisoned—it was thought by a local militarist who objected to his German name. Sandy, at Thirty, was growing a fine

fellow with a good coat—some said as fine as Miss Van Houtt's ginger tom, but was that likely? He was almost as big (Emily, honest as ever, admitted that) and something of the same figure. But when it came to colour, well poor Sandy looked as much like the marmalade cat as Emily's best foulard looked like Emily's best foulard when it came back from the wash. No doubt Mr. Green remembered that upset and how she had changed their laundry on the strength of it? And, of course, Green remembered and wrote back reminiscent condolences.

He condoled, too, as became him, on the sustained aloofness of "Cooper," gathering from Emily's silence on the result of her tactics that these had been unavailing. But he could not and therefore did not condole on the most real—though not (as is often the way) the most poignant of Emily's troubles—for Emily told him nothing about it. Not till he returned to England on leave was he apprised, by a fellow-gentleman encountered in town, that Emily was going blind. She was not heading for total darkness. The oculist had assured her that her eyes would probably last as long as she needed them. But she found it difficult to get about her work and there were rumours that she thought of retiring. Her niece had married a farmer—perhaps Green knew?—and there was a home and a hearty welcome waiting for Emily up Oldham way. No, she hadn't, his informant believed, sold up and departed yet. She was still at Number Seventy, or was when he went down. The three cats were all flourishing and John Henry had got over his mange. But his mistress had not succeeded in seducing the marmalade cat from his allegiance.

"I believe she'd go happily if she could once manage to lure 'Cooper' over the wall," concluded her latest sympathizer.

"I believe she would," assented Green with conviction. "I wish I'd thought of kidnapping him in the old days."

"Likely to see her before she goes North?"

"Oh yes. I've booked a bedroom for the last week in November. It's an old fixture, but Emily won't forget."

Trust Emily for that. She was on the accustomed doorstep, mutilated curtsy and all, when the hansom cab

affected by Green jingled up through the fog from the station. There were no men this term—" no, Mr. Green, my dear, I've been packing my old things to go home. But there's Emily here you may remember me speaking of—my niece Mrs. Withenshaw," and Emily Senior thrust forward a hearty-looking, boyish young matron, the apotheosis of the shadowy undergraduette.

There was a touch of wistfulness in the older woman's regard as the couple who had so long faced each other's counterfeit presentments on her mantelpiece shook hands in the flesh. But as she ushered Green to his old back bedroom and Gilbert (or was it Sullivan?) slipped past to await them on the hearthrug; her happiness was obvious and radiant. You would never have suspected the waning powers of those bright gipsy eyes from Emily's use of them; indeed, it was not until he had been some four hours in Oxford that Green perceived a symptom of the trouble. His stay having been cut down to one night, her old lodger had gladdened Emily's heart by requesting that he might dine in his rooms; there were one or two men to see afterwards but he would be in before midnight, never fear. And Emily had countered the petition by requesting with diffidence that her lodger should be for once her guest. This she gave him to understand apologetically was her last night, too —it flashed at once upon Green (and with reason) that she had lingered on solely for his coming. To-morrow she would be sleeping over the way. Dinner at eight, then, and Miss Bing and Mrs. Withenshaw to share it, insisted the guest. So it came about that eight-thirty or so beheld three figures round Emily's lamp; and a damson pie, with Emily's celebrated short crust, in the last stages of discussion on Emily's best white Coleport. Young Emily, a little overawed, had kept her eyes on her plate and her tongue in her mouth throughout the meal; but John Henry had come in for his milk and feline reminiscence had flowed with a bottle of Burgundy. In a lull which followed his refusal of a third helping, Green looked up and caught a glance of young Emily's in her aunt's direction, a glance at once amused and pitying. Following it, its inspiration was evident. Too blind to perceive where white plate ended and white

cloth began, Emily had ranged her damson-stones in a neat circle on the latter.

Further revelations were avoided by the adroit Green luring Emily off to an imaginary "something boiling over" in the back place; while Emily Junior, with equal presence of mind, removed the débris and spread a napkin over the stains. By way of keeping his hostess away from the scene of action, Green insisted on a look at the garden—"just to see if old 'Cooper's' coming to pay his final respects"; regretting his suggestion when he saw with what tremulous eagerness Emily took it up.

"You know, Mr. Green, my dear, I've a feeling he *will*," she said solemnly. "At any rate I shall be sitting in the parlour with the others as usual while you're out; and Emily will be across the way putting things a bit straight for to-morrow."

It was not exactly a genial evening when Emily's guest stepped forth into Pusey Terrace. November Oxford smelt, as it so often does, like a damp and mouldering dairy; and college walls and the besom branches thrust over them were furred with rime like an unwholesome cheese. But the night cleared as it wore on; and when Green returned to his lodgings at eleven a few picked stars shone at their old outposts over the chimney-pots and a sharp, keen little moon had assumed the presidency of the heavens. As he approached Number Seventy, a door opened over the way; and Emily Junior, grasping a shawl to her breast in a thoroughly North Country fashion, emerged and joined him.

"Aunt told me she'd be having something hot for you," she explained apologetically as she led the way to the back parlour; and tapping—for Emily's sanctum was never to be lightly invaded—she paused with her companion on the threshold.

Within, there reigned unbroken silence—a silence so deep that Green with his forest-sharpened ears could hear the tinkle (as of fairy tinfoil) that Emily's log-fire made as it dropped to pieces.

"She's out at the back," said Emily Junior; and turning the handle discreetly she motioned the guest forward.

It was Emily Senior—Emily the hospitable, Emily

the devoted—who repelled him; motioned him back with an admonishing hand, as a mother whose child has just fallen asleep repels an intrusive world. She sat in her old place in the lamp-light by the old table desolately tidied of its litter; but upon her knee, utterly abandoned to the caresses of the remaining hand, lay a magnificent tawny cat.

"'Cooper'"! exclaimed Green—and Emily heard him and smiled her exultation. Then with a gesture like a benediction she dismissed them and they closed the door.

* * * * * *

In the front parlour Emily Junior was crying stormily, her shawl clutched over her mouth lest a murmur should reach her aunt.

"But didn't you see?" she said between her sobs, "it was Sandy."

"Are you sure?"

"*Sure?* I've seen both cats over and over again the last few days. Of course it was Sandy!"

"Well, he'll be gone by the morning. She'll never know. You wouldn't tell her?"

"Tell her!" said Emily Junior, as she sat up and dried her eyes with decision. "What do you take me for; of course she'll never know."

Spring Fever

By Barrington Conyngham Greene

It is probable that all those who fish for trout suffer from spring fever to a greater or lesser degree. The young and inexperienced may not recognize the disease when it attacks them, but the old hand knows at once what the trouble is when the first characteristic symptoms make their appearance.

It is not an easy thing to describe, nor can the time of its coming be accurately foretold; but on any mild day after the New Year, when the wind is in the south-west, and soft, grey clouds drift slowly up from the West Country, a twinge of fever may be felt. Those of us who live in London associate spring fever with the West Country, for there it is that the trout are first in condition, and there it is that fishing is still to be had at a small cost. I know of no trout-fishing in the home counties that is worth thinking about in March or April, but down in Devon and Cornwall, and in parts of Wales, this is the time that the fishing is often at its best. It is Lord Grey of Fallodon, I think, who says that he never allows himself to think of the next season's fishing until after New Year's Day; and this is a good resolution to try to stick to. November and December are cold and dreary months, and it is happier then to look back on the past summer, than forward to the coming spring. But given a mild, soft day in January, when the first thrush sends his challenging whistle out over the tall trees by the tea house in Hyde Park, and you look—in vain, of course—for the first sight of snowdrops or crocuses in the grass round the dell; given also a gleam or two of sunshine between the grey clouds, and the fever will begin to grip you. You will suddenly wonder what the long pool below the beech grove on the Barle is looking like, and whether the half-pounder that broke you there last April is still behind his accustomed rocks. You will wonder, too, if the wagtails will build again in the nitch of the wall,

just where the mill tail comes gushing out; a splendid place for a good fish, though you could never try it for fear of disturbing the mother wagtail who followed your every movement with a bright and nervous eye. You may wonder if you should stick to 1x casts for all waters and weathers or if your idea of 1x on your rod and 2x round your hat is not the best plan. You may wonder—but why pursue the subject? You have got an attack of spring fever, and sooner or later, rods will be packed, rooms will be booked, and you will be driving through the Park to Paddington—the open door to the West.

The earliest attack of spring fever that I ever had was on January 1 in one of the years of the war. We had had weeks of cold, cheerless weather, and the whole world was a very miserable place. On this first day of January my duty took me to Penzance, and when we left Paddington, the atmosphere was depressing in the extreme. It must have been somewhere just this side of Westbury that something came in through the crack of open window and fluttered round the carriage, something invisible and intangible, though it shook me up from my perusal of a *Times* leader and made me look about. I let down the window and a great gust of soft rain-laden air swept into the carriage, bringing with it a smell of moist earth and dead or dying leaves. We were just on the fringe of the West Country and, as we sped further on, the *Times*, the war, everything was forgotten, and the fever was coursing wildly through my veins. Attacks at this time of year do not last long. I returned to London the next day, and as we passed through the country of my dreams a dreary snow was falling, and trout fishing seemed about as likely a proposition as eating strawberries or playing cricket.

A good many people have their own particular haunts where they go year after year for spring fishing, and these people—very wisely—are not over-keen to tell you where their particular haunts can be found. As I have no one place which I value above another at this time of year, I am not inclined to be selfish. I have had happy days on Exmoor, but the water that

I know best there is practically devoid of trout. It belongs to an hotel and it is fished by some six to ten rods every day from April to the end of September. As this has been going on for some years, and since, so far as I know, the water has never been restocked, I do not recommend it for its fishing. But the Exmoor country is delightful, with its ravens and buzzards, its beech hedges, and larch plantations, and there are few more perfect places on an early Spring day. I have never fished on Dartmoor, but for several seasons I fished the lower waters of the Avon—one of the Dartmoor streams. It was one of the most desperately overgrown streams I have ever seen. I must own that on the whole it defeated me, and I regarded it as almost hopeless. One day, however, I fished it in company with a very expert local fisherman who knew and loved the river, and all its difficult ways. He had fished it for years with great success, and at the end of the day I had to admit that my judgment was wrong, and also that my fishing education had been sadly neglected! It is a jolly river, flowing south from the moor, which it leaves at Brent and wending its way down a beautiful valley to Loddiswell, where it turns due west for Aveton Gifford and the sea.

Just over the border in Cornwall I have fished the Tamar lake, which lies a few miles from Kilkhampton, and supplies the town of Bude with water. At first I found the fish there rather dour, and with no local information available about flies I tried many before I found success. Ultimately I killed some 18 fish in 7 days, and two flies did nearly all the execution. One was a large black fly, black wing and orange tip, which had been given to me by a ghillie on Loch Lochy in Invernesshire, as a good pattern for that loch; the other was a small olive hackle fly with a gold twist, which had been designed for, and found successful in, the streams round Lake Chuzenji in Japan! So much for local patterns. The best fish I got there weighed exactly two pounds, and I was told, with what truth I know not, that it was the largest that had been killed for several seasons.

The only other lake in Cornwall that I have ever

fished is Dozmary Pool, right up on the top of the moors between Launceston and Bodmin. We found it, I remember, on the map, and motored 40 odd miles in a howling S.W. gale to try our luck. We caught nothing! Some people in a cottage near by told us that it had recently been stocked with trout and was preserved, and further that it was full of enormous eels. On the other hand, a man who was cutting turf beside the lake said that it was waste of time to fish at all as it practically dried up in the summer, when you could walk across it without getting the water over the tops of your boots. I do not know what the truth is or was, but it was a wild, delightful place, and I should like to try it again.

The furthest west I have ever fished was a very tiny stream near the Lizard. We were camping out on the cliffs—(this, I need hardly say, was before the war: no one who served in the war will ever want to camp out again!)—and one day we walked over to a long strip of sands to fish for bass from the shore. I soon became bored with standing knee-deep in the waves and hurling a heavily weighted bait into the surf, so I came ashore and started to explore. A little valley ran up inland from the beach, and concealed in this I found a miniature trout stream. It was about half a mile long, from its source among the heather of the moor to where it lost itself in the sands. I had an old cast with some flies attached in my pocket, and when I saw this tiny stream I began to think. I cut a "rod" from a bush, attached my cast to the end, burnt the plumage off the tail fly with a match and looked round for bait. Where the stream melted into the sands there were some big rocks and under these I found some creatures that looked like yellow wood-lice. I collected a few in my match-box and, thus provided, plunged into the cover which completely hid the stream. I got six trout that afternoon, the best a shade under a quarter of a pound, and I have seldom enjoyed a day's fishing more. The stream was fascinating, with pools, shallows, waterfalls, everything in miniature, so small that it might have been designed for the surroundings of some sumptuous doll's house. You could step across it anywhere with ease and nowhere was it more than a few inches deep. Half

way up the little valley I came across some apple trees, and the ruins of an old cottage, quite buried in the stunted oaks and undergrowth, and at the top of the water, where the heather was in bloom, there were other traces of a lost civilization, probably of the tin-workers, who have left their mark beside so many Cornish streams.

There can be no trout fishing beyond this on the Lizard peninsula, for a mile or two further on are the Lizard light and the Atlantic, but on the other arm of this Ultima Thule—the Land's End peninsula—there is or was a trout stream. Those who have read Crosbie Garstin's wholly delightful book "The Owl's House," will remember the stream that flowed down the Keigwin valley under the walls of Bosula to the sea at Monk's Cove. I do not know if the little trout still dart about the shallows, as they did in Ortho Penhale's day, but I hope and believe that they do. Some spring, when the first crocuses are showing by the Serpentine, and the thrushes are calling from the elms on the slope above, a particularly virulent attack of spring fever will drive me into that far West Country to find out!

The Atonement of Pablo Molido

By Geoffrey Bradley

"But if it be a girl. . . . Already she has borne me four; four hungry little bellies to keep tight. With a fifth . . ."

The old Andalusian midwife bent her stout body and jerked straight the coarse coverlet on the sick man's truckle-bed.

"Have faith, Don Pablo! Faith in the Saint!" she said reproachfully. "Have you not prayed; you and the little ones? A son will come. . . ." She turned her sun-browned face sideways and nodded comprehendingly. The sound of measured pain-moans were coming through the thin door of an inner room. "A son . . . and soon," she said professionally. "If the little ones return, set them a'running on another errand. . . . "I come, little poor one. I come now," she cried aloud, for an appealing voice had wailed, "Juana! come thou, Juana," and had sunk again to moaning.

There is no poverty so stark as the poverty of the Spanish peasant living on that bare belt of country known geographically as Estremadura. Nature gives no help. In summer the land is baked by a relentless sun. For the rest, fierce winds buffet the little villages and lonely grain-farms in one last burst of rage before crossing the frontier to the softer land of Portugal.

Pablo Molido belonged to that class that will not own to poverty. Long-lived want had bred a dispassionate restraint which ruled out all complaining. To talk of plenty when the last red sausage had been lowered, yet half-smoked, from the chimney cowl was to show one's breeding. To own to hunger would be vulgarity.

Pablo had been destined for the priesthood. At his baptism, while yet the priest and choristers were all about the baby, his father, a pious and prosperous citizen of Badajoz, had lifted up his voice and cried, "I give my son to Mother Church." Pablo had been brought up accordingly. Unhappily for his father's

plans, the theological college chosen for the lad's final training was at Valencia. There, in that fair white city where lovely black-eyed girls load oranges onto a still, blue sea through all the hours of sunshine, Pablo's wild manhood turned against restraint. In the face of his father's wish he married a beautiful Valenciana of no birth or fortune and brought her home to Badajoz. But in Spain such things may not be done. The boy found the heavy iron-bound door of his father's house shut against him. At last, through stark want, he was driven out into the great, bare Estremanian plain which is the granary of the Peninsula. As *capataz* or foreman of a small estate, he earned the right to lay his wife inside a desolate three-roomed house in time for her to bring into the world twin daughters. They had lived there ever since. Two daughters more had come in two more years, but never a son. And now the fiend of tubercle had quartered his devouring myriads in Pablo's lungs; for if a man work, so also must he eat. Thus he who should be serving Mother Church lay dying, and his only thought was that a son should be born of his loins with whom to pay his debt to God.

"She sleeps at last." Juana the midwife stood at Pablo's side. A tearing bout of coughing had covered the noise of her coming in. "When next she wakes, it will be to face her hour."

"Does she sleep naturally?" asked the man. He was well used to these cruel hours of child-birth, and knew the use of poppy-water.

"Enough that she sleeps!"

"When will *he* come? Juana, but I have prayed! A man-child to become a priest and this time to *be* a priest."

"If you have prayed, then most surely a boy is there," the midwife said. "Before she fell to sleep she bade me say, 'Tell him I know by the pains it is a son'."

The sick man drank in the words and, too wearied to weigh their value, smiled happily and closed his eyes in peace.

When he awoke, the room was fuller by his four daughters.

A comely, dark-skinned girl of twelve was fanning

a brazier of slow-glowing charcoal. Her twin, larger of bone and bosom but handsome too, added oil to a pot into which she had just put a double handful of stoned olives, rice and some chick-peas.

"Forget not the 'tear' of garlic, too," whispered a wide-eyed, empty little sister as she watched the one spare morsel of fat bacon dropped into the soup.

"Bread! Bread! Where then is the bread?" The child was up to do her elder sister's bidding. "Bread! . . . Ah! the very little one is good!" She pounced upon a flat, platter-shaped slab of bread which the youngest of Pablo's daughters was hugging to her ragged shift.

And soon, above the simmering of the pot and the dry crackle of the father's breathing, a level gabbling was heard. The midwife was boiling eggs by saying *paternosters;* and as Juana liked her eggs boiled hard, the number of *paternosters* was considerable.

That evening, as the tepid sun sank slowly into Portugal, Don Pablo's wife bore him a fifth child. The children had been hurried off to look for certain herbs. Only Pablo was there to hear.

When it became obvious that his wife's hour had come, the sick man's anxiety became intolerable. He had few doubts that she would come safely through her labour. She had done it thrice and would do it again. But the child! Pablo's anxiety to give a priest to the Church had become an obsession.

Once in that vital afternoon the midwife left her duties to rest for some moments on a rush-bottomed chair beside his bed. She found him fondling a brass-bound box, the key of which he kept, with a medal of the Holy Child, hung on a length of whip-lash round his neck. He shut the box as she came in.

"A son, and I die purged and regenerated as though by Baptism!" he said excitedly. His eyes were fixed and shining, his breathing racing against a weakening heart.

"He will just live to see—whichever it may please the Saints to send," the midwife thought. "Soon I will bring *him* to you," she said aloud . . . "Ah! . . . I go. Have faith, *amigo.*"

A little later she returned and in her arms a bundle.

"A son!" she cried. "Was it not I who said it? A son the weight of a young fighting bull."

Pablo was on his elbow staring down into the little face. "Her wish is that you do not mingle closely," the midwife warned. "It is the cough. . . . But is it not a little brave? The hair of a man already; eyes like two grapes of Malaga and back again to the hair!"

Don Pablo touched the little forehead with his lips. "Priestling!" he said reverently. "My debt is paid." He dropped back onto the grain pillow and forced the Latin praises from his lips.

For five days Pablo lived on to worship his son. Three or four times in every day his wife brought the child into the living-room where he lay and let him glory in his new possession. Once he had them all agape. The child was in its mother's arms. "Lower, *querida;* a little lower just for this once," his whisper begged. When he could reach a little hand—for now his strength was nearly gone—he grasped two of the tiny fingers together and fumbled in his bed-coat. The next moment he had pressed on a large, golden ring in which was set a mighty amethyst.

"See! Already he is a Bishop!" he cried, and by signs and whispers commanded his daughters to kiss Monseigneur's ring.

It was Pablo's last joke.

Two neighbours shouldered him at last out to the little cemetery beyond the hill and the house was very empty.

That evening when a pan of water had been warmed and poured into the tub which served as bath, the mother called out to her daughters.

"Come, all of you, and see your little sister washed."

At the call they crowded to the inner room, for until now the privilege had been refused.

"Sister, Mama?" an elder child inquired. "Were there then two as we were?"

"There was but one and she a girl," the mother told. And while the little one was bathed, it was explained

how God and Our Lady allowed a lie when on that lie depended the happiness of an ill papa's last hours.

They cried their disappointment openly.

"You miss your little brother. Then will I take away the taste!" It was the first time they had seen her smile for many days. The beauty that had captured Pablo years ago came back into her face. Two great violet eyes, long-lashed still in spite of all, danced in the sallow cheeks as she told them the second of her secrets.

"We go to Valencia; I, this very little one, and all of you. To Valencia!"

They had heard of the warm, white city by the sea where oranges on oranges ripened in an everlasting sun. Many a night they had been lulled to sleep by tales of Valencia's great hero, El Cid Campeador, "Lord of the Tented Field." And now; soon; perhaps even before next Sunday they were going there for ever.

The brass-bound box of which poor, superstitious Pablo kept the key had given up its secret. Bank notes, gold, and pile on pile of heavy silver *duros* had fallen out when, on the night he died, his wife had emptied the contents on to the floor. Though none but Pablo knew it, for years the family had starved that a portion of the pittance he possessed might be saved to give the son-child, who would one day come, the education of a priest.

The Woolsack

By James Turle

EDWARD, King of England—the third one of his name—
Spake unto their Lordships, taught them a new game.
Taught them a new lesson-song, as they did at school,
Singing, " Baa ! Baa ! Blacksheep ! Have you any wool ? "

H'd done with songs of sixpence, and little birds that sing,
Dishes must be golden ones to set before a King !
Four-and-twenty English Peers, he spake to them and said :
" Pockets full of rye, forsooth ! Put gold in them instead ! "

He bade them fill a woolsack, and the wisest on it sat.
Cloth of red and wool of sheep, and English sheep at that !
He said, " My Lords and Gentlemen, the Queen wants bread and honey ;
Fill your fields with English sheep : my Counting House with money."

Thus spoke the King ; and everywhere, a field became a fold,
The Queen ate bread and honey, the King he counted gold.
But though to-day the Chancellor has neither gold nor rye,
The wisest men at Westminster don't know the reason why !

Like Bo-Peep they've lost their sheep, don't know where to find 'em !
No corn to-day where cows may stray ! No little Boy Blue to mind them.
The Farmer's wife she has no knife, mice run fast and faster,
Beggars are riding to London Town, for Jack's as good as his Master !

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Relativity and the Workman's Wife

"Listen to this," said Heddle, reading from a periodical. "It's a piece by Edgar Wallace and——"

"The dagger, as usual, bein' found in the millionaire's middle," interrupted Sergeant Murphy.

"No," said Heddle. "It's nothing to do with crime. It's about the wife of a poor man—workman, clerk, and so on."

"What about her?"

"He says in seven cases out of ten she lives in a hell of dullness."

"Go on."

"He says she has to do an eighteen-hour day and she's lucky if she gets five bob a week for herself. She's part of the furniture and grows old before her time. She's at the beck and call of her husband and has to stand his tantrums and what not. Altogether she's a rotten time and isn't half as happy as a nigger woman in the Congo."

"He says that, does he?" said the Sergeant. "Well, I've a great respect for Misther Wallace, who's wan of the honestest and clearest-thinkin' men that writes for the papers. But when he dhraws a picture like that of the life of the workman's or the clerk's wife, he's lettin' his sympathy run away with him.

"I know she hasn't a rosy time, but neither has her husband. He has to throt off early every mornin', rain or fine, he does his eight or nine hours' graft, and has to stand the tanthrums of his boss, a man—note this, Heddle—he daren't answer back, and then comes home tired out. Mostly he relaxes be doin' odd jobs about the house or readin' the paper. Some go to pubs, but a lot can't afford dhrink at its present price, and if there's a family, the decent man doesn't spend much on himself. And men have no monopoly of tanthrums. There's homes where the breadwinner has less to say than the cuckoo clock.

"Mind you, there's too many bullyin' and selfish husbands that never give their wives a fair deal. If you

could frame a law to make them act decent, I'd carry a banner meself in the procession to the House of Commons. But, as a rule, the woman is able to fight her own battle.

"Another thing, Misther Wallace is horrified when he sees a time table of the workman's wife's day. But that's because he's dhramatisin' himself as a workman's wife and seein' himself scrubbin' out floors and washin' dishes and so on. Be no sthretch of imagination can he get the woman's attichood to them things.

"Take the case of a fellah with a stomach that can't stay the sea. He reads of chaps goin' yachtin' and bein' tossed about till their lungs and gizzards are prised loose from their bedplates, and he says to himself, 'My God, they call that a pleasure thrip!'

"There's jooks, I bet you, playin' roulette at Çans or sky-rocketin' in the Alps, and if you were to tell them about Misther Wallace's workin' day and the hours and hours he has to spend thinkin' out new stories and plays and moidherin' his brain—why, they'd go to jail sooner than take his job on.

"And when he says that a nigger woman from the Congo has a betther time than the wife of an English workin' man, I'd like to ask him how does he know? All he could say would be that, if he were a woman, he'd rather be dancin' the hula-lula undher a banyan three than washin' clothes for a family of seven at a sink. That's because he's Edgar Wallace and not a woman. It looks as if Einstein's grand message has not reached him.

"The workman's wife isn't happy, I know. But who is? Is the Society woman who has to have a mass meetin' of beauty docthors constantly reconditionin' her face? Or the acthress who sees herself bein' cast for mathron parts? Maybe the wan night a fortnight or so when the workman's wife is taken to the pictures gives her more delight than a Countess gets from a whole fortnight's binge at the Opera.

"Besides, the dhrama of life goes on in Peckham as it does in Mayfair, and it's just as intherestin'. There's colour and movement even in the slums.

"Misther Wallace looks at the workman's wife and his pity is stirred be what he sees. But in life it's the unseen things that count most."

The Stage as Rostrum

By Horace Shipp

Androcles and the Lion. By George Bernard Shaw. (Old Vic.)
Shaw Season. (Court Theatre.)
Appearances. By Garland Anderson. (Royalty Theatre.)

WHETHER we like him or not, whether we agree with him or not, Mr. George Bernard Shaw almost monopolizes the theatre of intelligence in London to-day. Outside of the three theatres which are showing his work we are faced by a thin trickle of revivals of old plays which may claim a kind of classic importance, and one or two border-line cases of thought-provoking drama. The rest belongs to that theatre of mere amusement, which has no more traffic with drama than, let us say, cigarette pictures have with art. One of the most interesting phases of this Shavian invasion is the inclusion of his plays into the repertory of the Old Vic. The production there of any work by a living dramatist is almost revolutionary; but in this instance the dramatist has already become a legend and an established classic, and when the curtain rose upon his work there it were rather as though the Shakespearian canon had become extended to include drama of our own day. The result was little short of phenomenal. The enormous success of the venture necessitated a revival almost immediately, and *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets* and *Androcles and the Lion* return into the April bill of the famous house on the Surrey side.

The reasons for Shaw's success with every class of audience are not far to seek. His sense of the theatre is unerring; his plays are full of ideas and carried forward by the most amazing mental shock tactics; and his sense of humour makes the work far funnier than any sitting-on-bandboxes farce. The chief objection to the Old Vic. production was that it was continuously interrupted by absolute howls of laughter. Shaw knows that he can safely use almost pantomime effects without losing essential dignity. He knows how to pull an audience back from the fringes of hysteria to the earnest discussion of the most profound subjects. He knows even how to discuss those subjects as cosmic jokes. Everywhere in his plays there is a mental vitality which keeps them moving, and that mythical creature "the

tired business man" for whom the popular theatre affects to cater discovers towards eleven o'clock that a Shaw play has "taken him out of himself" as much as any pyjama farce. That is fundamentally why *The Apple Cart* is one of London's longest runs; why *Androcles and the Lion* captured and crowded the Old Vic.; why the Court Theatre is drawing great audiences to the Macdona season of Shaw's plays. "Joy, energy and intelligence," says M. Romain Rolland, are the elements of success in the theatre; and Shaw has them in superlative degree.

The old Vic. audiences, educated upon Shakespeare, and certainly the most alive and enthusiastic audiences in any London theatre, are ideal for these plays. They never lose a point, and what is more amazing, they never get into that state of stupid humour which laughs out of season. *Androcles* is excellently produced, finely acted, beautifully staged, and should not be missed by anyone who wishes to enjoy an evening in the theatre.

There is no need to comment upon the Court season. Mr. Esme Percy's acting in *Man and Superman*, especially in the complete version of that play, is nothing short of a revelation. The Don Juan scene, which contains so much of Shaw's philosophy, is magnificent. It will be interesting to see how London theatre-goers accept the revival of *Misalliance*, which failed when it was first played at the Duke of York's Theatre during the famous Frohman season in 1910. Personally, I can still remember the thrill with which I saw it from my exalted aerie in the gallery, and I've a faint hope that 1930 will agree with my eighteen-year-old enthusiasm.

Anti-Shavians will tell me that his ideas are subversive, fallacious, Machiavellian, blasphemous, and the rest. It may be; for the moment I am not defending his philosophy; but my business as a dramatic critic is to realize that he is a supreme artist in the theatre, brilliantly capable of moving men to laughter and provoking them to thought.

The month has seen in London the production of another play which frankly uses the theatre for the exposition of ideas. This is *Appearances*, by the negro dramatist, Mr. Garwood Anderson, which is being given

at the Royalty. When one's theatre programme gives a photograph of the author and an extract of his life's creed, there are obviously going to be ideas afloat. Mr. Anderson's ideas, unless I mistake, come under the heading of Christian Science, and his play dares to be spiritual and "uplifting" in that unabashed way familiar to all who have come into contact with this powerful creed. It has shortcomings and faults, but despite them it is full of good things and powerful writing. The chief difficulty is that there are definitely two plays in it: One, the story of a negro bell-boy at an American hotel, who is accused of molesting a white woman and tried for the offence; the other, a farrago of melodramatic nonsense about crooks, gold-mines, and marital unfaithfulness. These two pieces not only have no believable connection, but the inherent philosophy of the second runs counter to that of the first, and comes near to destroying the moral. The negro story is finely conceived and finely presented. Dario Shindell, who plays the boy, Carl, is exquisite; and Doe Doe Green, in the character of an old negro, gives a comedy performance which is amazingly good. The trial scene, wherein Carl opposes the power of the naked truth against his accusers, holds the audience almost spellbound, for it is first-rate theatre even though it ends in melodrama. Then in the last act we are plunged back into the crook-stuff dear to the heart of Broadway and Hollywood. I wish Mr. Anderson's religious convictions could have given him the courage to dispense with this catchpenny stuff. He obviously knows his own people and can write well about them. The others aren't worth writing about, and merely confuse the issue. The play ended at the end of the second act; unfortunately I stayed in the theatre until the end of the third. I was the more angry because the negro part of this play is so excellent that intelligent playgoers are almost bound to see it. It has ideas, it has good acting in some of the parts, and it has a conception of production. There is, too, a happy mixture of comedy and earnestness about the piece. If only Mr. Garland Anderson would do a little clear thinking!

Books

FICTION.

TURN BACK THE LEAVES. By E. M. DELAFIELD. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

MISS DELAFIELD is a writer of real distinction who can put character before us in a few words and present in dialogue the suggestions and half-meanings of actual speech. Here she deals with the disintegration of a strict Roman Catholic family.

The father married to get an heir and is an extreme, morbid type. After his first wife had a child by another man, he forgave her and proceeded to kill her early by too much maternity. He then took another wife, who persuaded him to harbour the child of sin. Throughout he says nothing to his children except on the rare occasions when he is curtly rebuking them, and it is only his second wife who makes the household at all possible. There is no money to spare and the children are kept out of the world, confronted with parents who *know* they are right in their rigid code of choosing Catholic society and using excessive prayers and invocations of saints to help at every turn.

This code, of course, includes rules about marriage Protestants do not recognize. Hence rebellion and a break-up assisted by the war. The story passes from one period to another, illustrating each with effective detail. At the end we get a glimpse of the poor remnant of the household without hope or brightness, sneered at by a young girl. Miss Delafield dwells with an acid pen on life's abundant ironies. No one hits off better a vulgar virgin in search of a husband. But the triumph of the story is the fineness of the self-sacrificing second wife. With no pretence of brilliance in looks or talk she devotes herself to her morbid husband and achieves greatness by her loyalty to home and faith. The best of the children shares at the end her dreary duty.

THE TOWN OF TOMBAREL. By W. J. LOCKE. Lane. 7s. 6d.

A MAN who sells you wine in France, if he likes you, does it with a courtly grace which makes the transaction a sentimental pleasure rather than a business. It is in this atmosphere that the English artist who poses as author meets Tombarel, himself once a student of the Beaux Arts, proud of his family name and his position as mayor in the little town of Creille, " standing remote on a hilltop in the middle of the wild maritime Alps." The book consists of the tales told by Tombarel to his friend, with good fare and wine in the background. Tombarel is no saint and sometimes impinges on tragedy and makes short cuts through conventional morality. But is he not the Mayor, a man of fine presence and an artist in life who arranges things as they should be? Destiny, aided by his craft, leads to some ingenious surprises, and the setting suits Mr. Locke, writing in his best manner of agreeable sentiment.

V.R.

DIANA. By EMIL LUDWIG. Translated by EDEN and CEDAR PAUL. Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.

THE German sun is feminine, and the star-gazing heroine of this long novel is the luminary around which many masculine planets revolve. She is the mistress of four of them in turn, for weeks, days, or hours; has been the mistress of several others before the story opens; has minor amatory adventures with two more of her "planets," and at the end of the book is the morganatic wife of a mediatized sovereign who might easily have been her lover had he tried his luck. Diana's "love" may have been as entrancing as the author seems to suppose, but it utterly disqualified her from claiming one of the chief attributes of her classic namesake. Even her young brother, when he saw her at the opera wearing a white camellia, was evidently doubtful whether it was not as symbolical as if she had been a re-incarnation of Marguerite Gautier. This reference to a heroine of Dumas fils may accompany the remark that, although Diana is said to have been born in Macedonia, of mixed Polish and English parentage, incidents of her life and letters suggest the possibility that she was partly French, by descent from Mademoiselle de Maupin.

Eroticism and the Teutonic cult of nudity so pervade this book that much of its cleverly invented and frequently admirable dialogue, and of the solitary cultured philosophizing of Diana during her spells of continence, are overpowered thereby. Apart from this defect, parts of the mental life of several characters, and the scenes on and off a big yacht in the Mediterranean provide agreeable reading. The plot is somewhat incoherent, in keeping with the heroine's behaviour, and indeed for many readers this novel will prove unusually easy to lay down at any moment with the intention to take it up again by-and-by. The author—whose pseudonym is rather obtrusively printed at the top of the right-hand page throughout—emphasizes the attraction, or otherwise, of feminine scents, the sources of which he partly analyses. Now and again the suggestion of a very unpleasant odour is wafted from the text.

W. H. H.

RELIGION.

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF RELIGION. By C. E. M. JOAD. Benn. 10s. 6d.

MR. JOAD has already written a great deal—perhaps too much—but certainly he has acquired a lucid way of bringing the results of modern thought before a public which is apt to be puzzled by it. Here he shows convincingly the decay of organized Christianity, and analyses well the causes behind this indifference. But historians do not support his statements about the blank record of the Church in the last century. So far as the "Impact

of Science" is concerned, its specialists are not, we think, so anti-religious as they were, and they are aware of a fact Mr. Joad ignores, that many of their conclusions are unprovable and possibly wrong. The discarding of dogma to-day has largely come from leading ecclesiastics, and the man in the street, noticing how little they believe, tends to suppose that Christianity is a pious fraud. Religion from one point of view may be described, as the author says, as a "gigantic social hoax," designed to compensate the poor for the renunciations of poverty.

All accounts of the origins of religion—some of them disturbing to the believer—agree that it exists because man wants it. But, as Mr. Joad points out, "these ideas take no account of the conception of end or purpose." Men "ask how religion began and why it flourished; they do not ask what it may become." The simple doctrine of "Our Duty towards our Neighbour" remains as a way to happiness, if "good time" girls and boys only knew it, and we cannot agree with Mr. Joad that "in most of us, particularly after middle age, it has died a natural death." He wishes to recover it for the young men and women he teaches by giving a "political impulse" to their intellectual eagerness. But politics to-day are difficult to grasp, technical and disgusting. Does not Mr. Austin Hopkinson's "Aristocracy of

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Labour" developed in this REVIEW offer a better and wider programme?

Mr. Joad sees the future religion as "one in which the experience of the mystic will become the experience of the ordinary man." This involves the recognition of beauty and goodness as non-human, absolute values, and a descent for the ordinary reader into the abysses of æsthetics and philosophy. Mr. Joad is as clear as can be hoped; and though his individual standpoint is not ours, his candour and sense of style are engaging. Some, however, will find his gift of derisive humour decidedly overworked.

THE CREATION OF THE HUMAN SOUL. By REV. WILLIAM REANY, D.D. Ouseley. 8s. 6d.

FOR the Roman Catholic everything is settled by authority; there are no doubts or fears. In this book the supreme authority of the Church and the doctrines of the Fathers with various errors are considered with great erudition by Dr. Reany. The decision is that the soul of every man is created by God alone and immediately, and at the moment of creation is infused in the body. This doctrine is called Creationism and rejects any idea of metempsychosis, and equally the views of Herbert Spencer, which are dealt with in the able section regarding "erroneous opinions." It was always implicitly contained in the Church's creed, though great men like St. Augustine may have expressed doubts. The philosophy of the subject was largely contributed by the solid work of St. Thomas Aquinas in his acute "Summa contra Gentiles." His reasoning still holds the field, and he learnt from Aristotle. Dr. Reany's wide range includes Cicero, Lucretius and Dante, as well as the Fathers of the Church. Max Müller is cited in the interesting chapter on spirituality as proved by language. But it is too much to say that "no one has yet seen one bird singing to other birds in order to bring about an end in view." The ordinary man recognizes the mating call, which is sometimes, as in the little owl, peculiar to the season, and experts are tending to the view that a bird's normal song is often a proclamation of territorial rights.

THE BIBLE AND PALESTINE'S FUTURE. By A. HUMPHREY DAVY. Marshall, Morgan and Scott. 2s. 6d.

AN article by the author in the Press aroused such widespread interest that he has been led to expand it to a short book. He believes that the Biblical prophecies are being fulfilled in the present troubles and afford guidance for the future. The restoration of Israel desired by the Zionists will certainly take place, but *the time is not yet*. The Jews have had, as the Bible indicates, a long period of Gentile rule, but their restoration depends on their acceptance of the Messiah and will come through a maritime

nation, as indicated by Isaiah. The time, however, of this accomplishment remains uncertain. The author knows the Bible very well, and works out in detail the differences between the promises of the Old and the New Testament to Jews and Gentiles. These are more definite than the splendid imagery of St. John's Revelation, which has led to many varying interpretations.

THE TEACHING OF FRENCH.

MODERN LANGUAGE TEACHING. By CLOUDESLEY BRERETON, D.-ÈS-L. University of London Press. 7s. 6d.

DR. CLOUDESLEY BRERETON is one of the leaders of the Modern Language movement in England: he is probably the only man who has sat as a pupil on the benches of a *lycée* after taking his degree at Cambridge: he is probably the only man outside the diplomatic service who can make a witty after-dinner speech to Frenchmen "dans une langue qui n'est pas certainement la mienne et qui n'est peut-être pas la vôtre," as he said on one occasion and brought down the house. He has done more for Modern Language teaching in the secondary and central schools of London than any other man. Now that he has retired from the inspectorate, he gives in this book the results of his 35 years as teacher, examiner and inspector. He looks upon the work more as an inspector than as a teacher, for his experience in the latter capacity has been small. But then lookers-on are supposed to see most of the game.

Dr. Brereton calls himself a New or Direct Methodist, but having been brought up on strict classical lines, he is continually letting his appreciation of his early training appear. He sees that, if the Direct Method is used too literally, it gives the teacher far too much to do and leaves the pupil too passive a rôle to play. He suggests that in an examination unusual words should be translated for the candidates. This plan is very unfair to the well-prepared candidate who happens to know such words and deprives him of the extra marks he deserves. Dr. Brereton advocates German in place of Latin; but most teachers of experience always assert that those of their pupils who have been well grounded in Latin make far quicker progress in French than the others. In fact, if a second modern language is to be learnt, French pupils should learn Italian or Spanish, and German should be combined with Dutch, the Scandinavian languages or even Russian.

He shows over-devotion to a good accent; but for every pupil who needs to speak French fluently ten will need to write it correctly, and a hundred will be benefited by being able to read it either for literary or scientific purposes. So the first object a teacher should aim at is to get his pupils to read French without any extraneous help from dictionary or grammar. His

second should be to enable them to convert simple English into French grammatically and, if possible, with a certain appreciation of French style, and then he can devote time to conversation. But a student will acquire a good accent quite easily in six months if he is sent to a French *lycée* and is placed entirely with French boys and not among English boys as ignorant as he is. In the latter case, even if he is forbidden to speak English, he will only imitate the faulty Anglo-French of his companions.

At present in England the teacher has far too many teaching hours in the week. A French *professeur* thinks himself overworked if he has 17 hours of teaching a week, whereas with us 24 to 26 hours are quite usual. If he has supervision or correction to do in addition, he can find little time to improve his knowledge or to lead an educated life. In fact, the pupil is never allowed or urged to find out things for himself; Dr. Brereton's book is packed with tricks and dodges to persuade him to think and learn; the preparation of home-work in class is fatal to his initiative. If everything is done for him, he finds himself at a loss when left alone with an examination paper. That is one of the reasons why there is such an outcry against the so-called difficulty of examinations. If a comparison be made between the papers of forty years ago and of to-day in such examinations as the Locals (now called School Certificate), the London Matriculation and the Entrance Examinations for the Services, it will be seen how our standard has fallen. Yet teachers are always protesting that too many of their candidates fail, and instead of blaming their own faulty methods, they petition examining bodies to lower the standard still further. In one respect examinations could be amended, by not setting any free composition in any paper of, or below, Matriculation standard. Its place could be taken by sentences to test grammatical accuracy, for at present the chief defects in modern languages are the lack of grammatical grounding and the poor vocabulary of pupils who have been learning the subject for four, or even five years.

The grit of the country would be much increased if there were not such soft methods of education. Discipline, the first essential in all learning, has been much relaxed; we teach far too many subjects at once, but few so solidly as we did forty years ago. Dr. Brereton gives a select bibliography of books the teacher should possess; he mentions with approval the excellent "Les Faux Amis" of Kœssler and Derocquigny, but this is only for advanced pupils and should be supplemented by Professor Boillot's additions published in *The French Quarterly*. Simpler books, more suited to schools, are Deshumbert's "Dictionary of Difficulties" and "Les Traquenards de la Version anglaise," by Veslot and Banchet.

This book should be in the hands of everyone interested in

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the improvement of Modern Language teaching. It gives a greater amount of information on the subject than any yet published and should prove a powerful stimulant to every teacher and learner.

LITERARY STUDIES.

AFTER PURITANISM. By HUGH KINGSMILL. Duckworth. 8s. 6d.

MR. KINGSMILL is wickedly amusing and iconoclastic in this study of four Victorian figures who are chosen to illustrate the changes in the Puritanism so long dominant in England, and the reaction against it. Indeed, he finds weak points so incessantly that we wonder if our poor humanity has anything left to believe in. Hero-worship, however, if capable of follies, is likely to persist, and to help human endeavour. What many thinkers regret to-day is the widely emotional display of people who profess to decide the values of life, and this is well illustrated in Farrar and W. T. Stead. But why jump from Shakespeare to the nineteenth century and ignore the history of sentimentalism, of which the Elizabethans knew little? This parody of a virtue was first popularized in the eighteenth century and had a definite origin as a reaction which would have suited the author's purpose very well. Farrar he fairly describes as a master of adolescent emotionalism. He was not a good schoolmaster, and we note, as characteristic of him, his way of making special pets of various

boys. The account of Samuel Butler is acutely done. His religious views were not consistent, but it is recognized that his conception of the ideal man, if a little sentimental, is reasonable and human. Festing Jones, as a disciple and fond copy of Butler, produced a great biography, but he took Butler's fads too seriously. Butler put off publication of his books more than once so as not to shock his sisters. The view of the family reply to "The Way of All Flesh" is sound. Pater had two similar sisters, with whom the present reviewer once talked for an hour about gas stoves and other domestic conveniences.

The summary of Frank Harris's "Autobiography" is brilliant. The hero of it did not, we presume, explain his gifts as a borrower and taker of money, or see anything degrading in pages of Stock Exchange chatter in the *Saturday Review*. Stead was an extreme type in his intense egotism and desire to run greater men than himself. Safely married, he enjoyed flirting with women and was, as the author says, born centuries too late. Part of the earlier Puritan practice was to treat wives with the despotism of the Turk; a solution of sex now no longer possible.

Not all the author's derision is to our taste, but the book is always amusing and presents very cleverly the destructive thought of to-day.

SHAKESPEARE SONNETS AND EDWARD DE VERE. By GERALD H. RENDALL. Murray. 12s.

THE title explains the purpose of this book, to connect the accomplished Earl of Oxford with the Sonnets; and, since the Sonnets join on in language with the Poems and Plays, we have to follow Mr. Looney and turn Shakespeare out of all the writings ascribed to him. De Vere is a much better claimant than Bacon, and Dr. Rendall has discovered some ingenious clues suggesting his authorship. His thorough examination of the Sonnets is the best part of his book. The mysteries in which they are involved are well known, and agreement on some of them has not been reached by any large body of scholars. Dr. Rendall has so far advanced in his theory that he finds nothing suitable in the records of the traditional Shakespeare. Yet he knows, of course, Meres's mention, and the references to the actor's craft. He explains these as better fitted to the trainer of a company than an actor, believing that Oxford took that position, which is a conjecture. He overrates the aristocratic tone of the Sonnets and even finds "an aristocratic highbrow" more appropriate to Greene's famous jibe than "a rising professional playwright." The orthodox may find some of his judgments as odd and misguided as he finds theirs. Here is a general conclusion readers of the Sonnets can test for themselves:

> Nowhere is failure ascribed to lack of means or position or natural advantages, but to the self-seeking, chicane and greed of false, unscrupulous and pushing rivals.

The author of the Sonnets himself refers to his "rude ignorance." On 'Bearing the Canopy' we read:

> Occasions or actors, to whom it could be aptly applied, are rare, and parallels are not forthcoming, either from Shakespeare or contemporaries.

This ignores *Henry VIII*, iv, 1, where 'A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports' occurs in 'The Order of the Procession,' and a few lines later it is explained:

> They that bear
> The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
> Of the Cinque-ports.

Since Captain Ward's book reappeared, Oxford is regarded as rehabilitated, but we still think him a very unlikely person to achieve at any time Shakespeare's serenity. We might easily suppose that his swaggering braggadocio and love of fine clothes were hit off in the plays. Dr. Rendall does not consider these, or the immense difficulty of a secret conspiracy which credits a concealed author with the greatest work of the age and involves various respectable confederates in wholesale lying. None of the innovators, so far as we know, has done any solid work on Shakespearian texts. Dr. Rendall is different, as he is widely read, and has taken great pains to elucidate the Sonnets. But he should not write of "Mr. Lee."

THOMAS HOOD AND CHARLES LAMB: The Story of a Friendship, being the Literary Reminiscences of Thomas Hood. Edited by WALTER JERROLD. Benn. 10s. 6d.

THIS posthumous work testifies to the author's expert knowledge of Hood and the brilliant group who made the *London Magazine*. Hood's "Literary Reminiscences" are brought together for the first time, and printed with an interesting commentary on details. Bozziness, as Hood says in one of his too frequent verbal jokes, was not his business, and some of the earlier reminiscences are a little faint and casual. But when Charles Lamb enters on the scene and becomes an attached friend, Hood shows his quality as an appreciator. Reynolds, his brother-in-law, wrote verse which might easily be taken for his or Lamb's, and the authorship of the verses on "The Lawyer," here printed, remains uncertain. Hood gave up the mechanical art of engraving without regret, and tells us that his father wrote two novels, which, the Editor adds, have not been traced. He evidently enjoyed his chances of seeing men of letters as assistant editor of the *London*, and gives a striking account of Clare, whose repute is now greater than it was. He was also friendly with Dilke of the *Athenæum*, and doubtless they both agreed as to the merits of Keats. The editor points to Wainewright as the man who asked Elia to write on 'Poor Relations.' This is a positive merit in that flashy and much-overrated writer of spasmodic prose.

HISTORY AND MEMOIRS.

THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. By STEPHEN GWYNN. Thornton Butterworth. 15s.

LOCKHART'S great biography can still be picked up at a low price, but probably it is too long for the present impatient generation. Mr. Gwynn has used Lockhart's material with evident skill and appreciation of Sir Walter's work and character. We are glad to find that he has no special complex or theory of his own to drag in, though he makes some remarks dubious to us about Scott's fierceness. Never was there a man freer from the pettiness and jealousy of "authorial feelings." The list of Scott's friends, high and low rich and poor, is amazing, and Mr. Gwynn might, if he had chosen, have gone outside Lockhart to discover more of them. He has made good use of Hogg's book, and answered Carlyle's grumbling remarks effectively. The tributes to the man's sunny personality are universal, but the novels to-day have few advocates. They are laid aside as stodgy, or condemned by lecturers who have not read them. Mr. Gwynn's criticism is sound and enlightening, though he seems a little tepid about the book generally regarded as the best, "Old Mortality." He does not think the various introductions very readable to-day, but he rightly makes an exception of the story of Chrystal Croftangry, a novelette in itself. We are glad to find a notice of 'The Highland Widow' and 'The Two Drovers,' shorter stories of real power. A word might have been added about Scott's gifts to the language in the revival of such phrases as "yeoman's service." His critical work remains solid as well as his fiction, and Mr. Gwynn notes tributes to his versatility. He was historian and economist as well as poet and romancer. Long after his death the world got in full the noble stoicism of his 'Journal.' The statements about the debts are not quite correct, as the recent correspondence in our columns shows.

The two portraits are judiciously chosen. Raeburn did not make a success in his heavy picture, and Chantrey's bust is probably the happiest presentation.

ADVENTURE. By MAJOR-GENERAL THE RIGHT HON. J. E. B. SEELEY. With illustrations and maps. Heinemann. 21s.

LORD BIRKENHEAD remarks, in the introduction, that the author is a hero, living dangerously like D'Artagnan, and he "has survived an apparently certain death by each of the four elements: earth, air, fire and water." The leadership of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade in 1918, when it was vital to recapture the Moreuil Ridge and save Amiens, forms the fitting climax to a splendid career of adventure. The author evidently has a great gift of courage, and adds to it, we think, another important quality, a great belief in himself. It is well to go through life with the assurance that "good fortune seldom deserts the

resolute." His experience of the absence of pain during an accident is undoubtedly correct, being corroborated by such men as Whymper falling in the Alps and Livingstone mauled by a lion. In the South African War he stole two cooks meant for Kitchener, and was confronted with a hostile rifle at a few yards, but was not shot. The Boer, he concludes—

> Was sorry for a young Englishman thus surprised, and, out of sheer good nature, decided not to kill me.

Once he missed an easy shot himself, and it was General Botha whom he fortunately let go. Comparing the South African War with the much greater one, he discovers "the certain truth that all attacks by infantry in daylight against an enemy in position were, and must always be, a folly." This was proved, he says, in South Africa, but our military authorities were sadly slow in learning the lessons of warfare. These same ridiculous daylight attacks, however, also prevailed on the Continent. The author's experience of politics suggests to him that when once you have backed any serious opinion, you should never withdraw, whatever the promises, cajoleries or threats; and he happily retained the friendship of those whom politically he had to oppose. He pays a tribute to Lord Oxford's amazing lucidity, and praises politicians for qualities they have not always been supposed to possess. Humbugs, we fear, can and do make their way in this arena. Similarly he refuses to believe that war is sordid and brutalizing. Life is not so easy and decisions are not so obvious for some of us as they appear to the author with his immense sense of the fun of living and capacity for making friends everywhere; but his always cheerful record is a welcome relief after the sterile pessimism which is popular to-day. "But chiefly," said the dramatic manager at the beginning of *Faust*, "give us incident enough." This volume has enough of it to make several films.

A Brief History of Moscovia. By John Milton, with other curious documents. With an Introduction by Prince Mirsky. The Blackamore Press. 30s.

This fine piece of printing is devoted to Milton's least interesting work, which is an acknowledged compilation, intended to set an example of the best way to write geography. Prince Mirsky has made the most of the interest it can evoke. The other documents are "A Declaration of Alexea, Emperor of Russia," printed in 1650, forbidding trade with England and abusing the regicides; and a Latin letter in which Oliver Cromwell commends an ambassador to Russia. The "Declaration" is said to be probably a forgery and issued under the pressure of Russian merchants who felt the unfair competition of privileged aliens. It is even more Latinized in style than Milton. The Parliamentarians are "sanguinolent *Caitiffes*" with "Lupine fury,"

capable of more than a "supergraduate sinne," "flegetonticall" wickedness, and their agents are the "Bustuaries of humane States." Prince Mirsky might have dealt with some of these strange words. In the Latin letter *commodium* can hardly be right; it should be *commodum* or, more likely, *commodius*, a polite comparative of the adjective.

LETTERS.

THE SOLITARY WARRIOR: NEW LETTERS BY RUSKIN. Edited by J. HOWARD WHITEHOUSE. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

THERE is no better letter-writer than Ruskin at his best, writing with singular ease and grace. Here he addresses some friends not mentioned in any of the biographies of him, the family of a Manchester minister and, of course, especially the daughter, Susan Scott. He feels his loneliness in producing the challenge of "Fors" and relies much on the sympathy of his friends. There are several references to the Rose he never won, who, as a child, addressed him in a letter as "Dearest St. Crumpet," and some frank confessions of his weaknesses. The book is a real addition to Ruskinian literature, but not a large one. Several of the pages are but thinly covered. The illustrations are charming.

LETTERS OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Collected and edited by F. W. HILES. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.

THIS collection will interest all lovers of the great painter and of the eighteenth century, but for the ordinary reader it will be somewhat disappointing. Reynolds did not write readily and many of his letters printed here are mere scraps. Such is his one letter to Johnson. To the lengthy correspondence with a wealthy patron, the Duke of Rutland, we should have preferred a letter or two to an equal; but there is enough to show that he could hold his own in controversy. The one unpleasant letter to his sister reduces a little Johnson's estimate of him as "the most unvulnerable man he knew," but, in general, though no artist in writing, he is full of sincerity and good sense. He was "the happiest creature alive" while he was painting. He mentions the cheap honour of being the King's principal painter and so securing £38 a year and painting at a quarter of his usual price. His Majesty's rat-killer got £10 more. How like the Georges!

GENERAL.

THE ENGLISH CATALOGUE OF BOOKS FOR 1929. Edited by JAMES D. STEWART. The Publishers' Circular. 15s.

THIS precise and excellent guide to the publications of last year arrives in good time, and is a great help to all editors who have the ideal of accuracy. We can see at a glance who wrote most, and if any particular sort of reading has advanced or declined in

numbers. The gross over-supply of fiction continues and, although the total of books published is less by 300 odd, this section is 195 up on last year's record. Translations have increased, but travel, literature and philosophy have all been reduced. Mr. Edgar Wallace this year has reached 75 items, many of which are reissues. His total easily exceeds that of books under the Bible. Mr. G. B. Burgin has published two novels, which bring him, we believe, in sight of his hundredth. The republication of old books is a pleasant feature of the time, though some of them, like "The Castle of Otranto," hardly deserved revival. The lapse of copyright has produced eight editions of "Treasure Island." Usually the printing is very good, but something has evidently gone wrong with the first Virgil entry.

THREE OF THEM. By NORMAN DOUGLAS. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

As a gay critic of unconventional people and a travelling scholar without pedantry, Mr. Douglas is *sui generis*, in a class by himself. He is also a learned naturalist, as his book on "Birds and Beasts of the Greek Anthology" showed. Here he prints from the *Zoologist* an article on "The Herpetology of the Grand Duchy of Baden," which is full of interesting points. Another item is "One Day" at Athens, a last day on which he lingers, gossiping charmingly about old things and new. He reaches the Colonus of Sophocles and is inspired by indifferent wine to consider the translators of the Greek Anthology. Walter Headlam published and, later, wished to withdraw his renderings of Meleager. These translators are really unfortunate fellows pledged to an almost impossible task whom we suspect to be sometimes less pleased with their results than their easy reviewers.

The trio is completed by "Nerinda," a story of 1901 revived. It is a study, mostly in diary form, of a young man with a nervous breakdown, who ends in madness and murder. It is subtly done with evident care and contains some fine descriptions of Italian scenery. We read it, we may add, before we saw the commendation by a well-known alienist now recorded in the preceding note.

POISONS. By J. T. J. MORRISON. Benn. 6d.

THAT the art of the poisoner was well known in classical times our own word "poison" would bear witness, if history did not; for, like its other form, "potion," it comes from the originally innocent Latin word for a draught. But, as Professor Morrison reminds us in his little book, we must go much further back than this for the earliest mention of the subject in history. There is in the Louvre a very ancient papyrus containing the injunction: "Pronounce not the name of Yao under the penalty of the peach"; which can only mean that, almost at the dawn of history, the priests of Egypt were acquainted with the use of the most terrible of all poisons—prussic acid.

In spite of his limited space, the author has contrived to give a clear and readable account of all the main points of his subject; and, though this has entailed much compression, he is never dull.

After dealing with the historical and legal aspects, he goes on to consider the various kinds of poisons, their physiological action, and the question of treatment and antidotes. He quotes Celsus as stating that the famous Mithridatic antidote contained thirty-six ingredients, while Pliny gives the number as more than fifty, a discrepancy of no practical importance, since, according to modern views, a universal antidote is a kind of scientific Mrs. 'Arris.

We are glad that he has found space for Plato's moving account of the death of Socrates, well worthy of inclusion both for its singular beauty, and because of its remarkably accurate description of the lethal action of hemlock. One other famous death in Roman days—that of Britannicus—the author attributes definitely to prussic acid, on what authority we do not know, though Tacitus and Suetonius both indicate a rapid poison.

On various points for which he lacked space we should have liked to hear Professor Morrison's opinion. The deadly Upas poison of Java, the South American Curare (Tennyson's "hellish oorali"), and, indeed, the whole group of arrow poisons occur to us; as do the Renaissance poisons employed by the Medicis and the Borgias, though of these little is, or probably ever can be, known. We wish that, under the head of "Tolerance," some mention could have been made of the Styrian arsenic eaters, who take five grains of arsenic at a dose and thrive on it.

The strange psychology of the poisoner—essentially a matter for the criminologist—is, of course, outside the scope of this small treatise. But one touch of diabolic humour in the career of a famous criminal, Thomas Griffith Wainewright (pioneer in the gentle art of elimination by strychnine), may perhaps be recalled, if only as a sidelight on the mentality of his type. Though never convicted on the capital charge (he was actually condemned to transportation for forgery), his inordinate vanity led him to boast of his achievements with the deadly, and then newly-discovered, drug. Asked, while in prison, how he could have brought himself to poison his sister-in-law, Helen Abercrombie, an innocent and charming girl, he replied, after a little consideration: "Upon my soul I don't know, unless it was because she had such thick ankles."

GERMAN LITERATURE AS KNOWN IN ENGLAND. 1750–1830. By V. STOCKLEY. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

THE appearance of this book is a credit to the publishers, since the subject cannot be called popular. It is, however,

full of interest for those qualified to read it and is the work of a Newnham student who has evidently made very wide research. She is chiefly concerned with translations and criticisms of them at a period when German was unknown to most English people. Baron Merian, writing to Samuel Butler, the headmaster of Shrewsbury, at the beginning of the last century, laments this widespread ignorance. The list of famous translators is considerable—including Carlyle, De Quincey, and Coleridge. There were also queer scholars like William Taylor of Norwich, and London journalists like John Black, whose translation of Schlegel's "Dramatic Art and Literature" had a great vogue with the learned and, incidentally, delayed for many years a just estimate of Euripides. Miss Stockley does not deal much with German contributions to scholarship. Niebuhr's "History of Rome" made a great noise in England and, at the end of her period, was being translated by Thirlwall and Julius Hare.

The *Sturm und Drang* school sent their fire across the Channel, and Goethe, of course, made an impression, chiefly through the advocacy of Carlyle. He also helped to naturalize the charming fancy of Jean Paul Richter, which even to-day in England has not had its due. Sheridan's adaptation from Kotzebue's *Pizarro* reads like poor fustian to-day, but it had an immense success, like other of his plays. German drama, for a while, beat Shakespeare out of the field, having, it must be confessed, little contemporary native talent to rival it. There were complaints by satirists duly gathered by the industrious author. None of this drama has survived, and the German tales of terror, which "Monk" Lewis exploited, are dead. The best part of German literature is its lyric poetry, and this is deliberately omitted here, though well-known translations like Scott's "Lenore" are mentioned. Sarah Austen made an excellent rendering of a poem of Uhland's which in two well-known books is attributed to Longfellow. She belonged to the select band of good translators. The mistakes of the others are exhibited by the author in detail.

THE STUFFED OWL. An Anthology of Bad Verse. Selected and Arranged by D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS and CHARLES LEE. With 8 cartoons by MAX BEERBOHM. Dent. 6s.

THE authors add highly peppered verse and prose of their own to this amusing collection of extracts illustrating the art of sinking. They profess in the Preface to include chiefly good Bad Verse, that is, unfortunate efforts by good poets, but they do not keep to this rule, including such writers as Cornelius Whur, the Della Cruscans and Julia Moore, the Sweet Singer of Michigan.

She was unhampered by the fetters of rhyme or grammar and could begin a poem on Byron with :—

> Lord Byron was an Englishman,
> A poet I believe;
> His first works in old England
> Was poorly received.

and go on,

> Sometimes again Lord Byron
> Was censured by the press;
> Such obloquy, he could not endure,
> So he done what was best.

Not all the honours, however, belong to America. We remember an English poem on a new Statue of Byron, which begins :—

> A tatue to Byron! How late and limp-hearted
> The claim to locate the superlative star!

Collectors of the unconsciously Comic Muse can probably add their own treasures to this volume. One of our favourites is :—

> I always knew what sort of weather
> We were going to have,
> For Cynthia never wore her feather
> When the weather would be bad.
>
> For when the days were warm and bright,
> Cynthia wore her feather;
> Sometimes black and sometimes white,
> The colour doesn't count whatever.

If it is fair to use suppressed or altered verses, as the authors do, they could have got better examples of Tennyson's lack of humour than that given. No one need despair of improving when he or she notes the early failures of notable poets. The editors sacrifice much in not dwelling on the often applauded bosh of the present day, but the comment on the degenerate Hervey's verses should not descend into the not very creditable arena of religious vituperation. He is described as a

> type of politician worthy of rubbing shoulders with his predecessors, the Cecils and Russells and others who sprang into power from the plunder of the English Monasteries, and with them entirely free from scruple, faith, or morals.

The sensible reader may—to use Walter Scott's words—" have suspicions of that very susceptible devotion which so readily takes offence." The comment is ridiculously overstrained, if it is not Mr. Wyndham Lewis's fun. It is, at any rate, out of place in a book which seeks and achieves amusement.